Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1897.

JOHN WESLEY.*

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,

Dean of Canterbury.

WESLEY AT THE AGE OF 23.

John Wesley found a Church forgetful and neglectful of its duties, somnolent in the plethora of riches, and either unmindful or unwisely mindful of the poor. He found churches empty, dirty, neglected, crumbling into hideous disrepair; he found the work of the ministry performed in a manner scandalously perfunctory. But John Wesley, becoming magnetic with moral sincerity, flashed into myriads of hearts fat as brawn, cold as ice, hard as the nether millstone, the burning spark of his own intense convictions, and thus he saved the Church, which at first had nothing for him but sneers, hatred, and persecution. He saved the Church of England. Though at first she angrily and contemptuously rejected him, and, just as from the mouth of Socrates issued forth

> "Mellifluous streams which watered all the schools
> Of academics old and new, with those
> Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,

so, from the impulse which Wesley gave, originated almost every form of special religious enthusiasm since his day. Thus he became one of the most disinterested of those benefactors of mankind "who raised strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to our earth."

One great virtue in his character was that sovereign religious tolerance which is so infinitely rare amid the divergences of religious shibboleths. In the first century the heathen said, "See how these Christians love one another;" but, long before the third century, the odium theologicum had culminated in those execrable forms of religious virulence which, if "love" be indeed the fulfilling of the law,

* We have pleasure in reproducing the following appreciation of the founder of Methodism by the broad-minded Dean of Canterbury. During his life John Wesley, though a most distinguished son of the Church of England, received much persecution at its hand, the parish clergy sometimes heading the mob that assailed him. His name was cast out as evil, and witty churchmen like Sydney Smith often made Methodism the butt of their scoff and scorn. But amplest amends have been made by the generous recognition of some of the highest dignitaries and most brilliant laymen of that Church of the true greatness of his character and his work. In that great temple of silence and reconciliation, Westminster Abbey, the catholic-minded Dean Stanley unveiled, with words of touching eulogy, the memorial of John and Charles Wesley as that of men most worthy to find a place in that mausoleum of Britain's noblest sons. The portrait which we have the pleasure of presenting is one of unusual interest. For this we are indebted to the courtesy of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, of Chicago. It is one of the finest that was ever made of the great preacher.—Ed.

are the very antithesis of the Christlike spirit, at which all profess to aim who take Christ for an ensample that they should walk in his steps. It is a splendid testimony to Wesley's moral insight and spiritual greatness that "no reformer the world has ever seen so united faithfulness to the essential doctrines of Revelation with charity towards men of every Church and creed." This spirit of John Wesley has been found, theoretically at least, only in the best and greatest Christians.

I dwell on this high virtue of Wesley because it is so exceptional, and because it was never more needed than in these days. Writing in advanced age to the Bishop of Lincoln, he said: "Alas! my lord, is this a time to persecute any man for conscience' sake? I beseech you do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense; you are a man of learning; nay, I verily believe, (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. Then think and let think." Again, how wise are the remarks in the preface to his Sermons: "Some may say I have mistaken the way myself, though I have undertaken to teach others. It is very possible that I have. But I trust, whereinsoever I have been mistaken, my mind is open to conviction. I sincerely desire to be better informed. What I know not, teach thou me. 'Da mihi scire,' as says St. Augustine, 'quod sciendum est.' If I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, . . . take me by the hand and lead me. We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom. But if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the Devil and his angels!"

As another of Wesley's exemplary qualities I would single out his sovereign common sense, which is also an endowment much liable to overthrow by the violences of egotistical dogmatism. In his diary for November 20, 1785, he writes: "I preached in Bethnal Green, and spoke as plainly as I possibly could, on having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof. And this I judged far more suitable to such a congregation than talking about justification by faith." How free, again, from all hysteric excitability was the entire attitude of his religion! Some one had been talking in an exaggerated and fantastic way about death, and asking what he would do if he knew that he would die the next day. "What should I do?" he said. "Exactly what I shall do now. I should call and talk to Mr. So-and-so, and Mrs. So-and-so; and dine at such an hour, and preach in the evening, and have supper, and then I should go to bed and sleep as soundly as ever I did in my life." His feeling about death was that, so far from being terrible, it was man's great birthright; and he would say, with the poet:

> "To you the thought of death is terrible,
> Having such hold on life; to me it is not;
> No more than is the lifting of a latch,
> Or as a step into the open air
> Out of a tent already luminous
> With light that shines through its transparent folds."

Again, it was no small matter that, in an age so corrupt and decadent as his, in which the dregs of sensuality and worldliness poured over the glorious England of Puritanism by the despicable epoch of the Restoration had reduced religion to a Dead Sea of torpid unreality, Wesley, like the great Hebrew prophets of old, should have stood forth as a preacher of righteousness. No preacher or reformer can effect great results unless he insists upon Christ's plain teaching that, if we would ever enter into the kingdom of

heaven, we must keep the commandments.

It may be, as I have said, that in talent, in imagination, in learning, in the pure and undefinable quality of genius, Wesley was not the equal of many of his contemporaries; but which among them all equalled him in versatility of beneficence, in zeal of self-sacrifice, in the munificence of his generosity, or in the lustre of the example which he has left to all the world? Consider his supreme disinterestedness, his unparalleled courage, his indefatigable toils. How many have there been in all the centuries who made such an absolute offering of his money to God, and, living on less than many a curate's salary, gave away £40,000?

Consider, again, his unparalleled courage. How many have shown equal undauntedness? Men admire the courage of the soldier who heads the forlorn hope through the cross-fire of the batteries, of the sailor or of the fireman who, at personal risk, plucks from destruction an imperilled life; but such physical courage is a million times cheaper and more common than that of the scholar, the gentleman, the clergyman, who, in that age, day after day, month after month, year after year, in England, in America, in Scotland, in Wales, in Ireland, even in the Isle of Man, could, voluntarily and out of the pure love of souls, face raging mobs and descend to what was then regarded as the vulgar humiliation of preaching in the open air.

And higher even than this was the moral and spiritual courage which, in the calm of blameless innocence, could treat the most atrocious and the most persistent calumnies with the disdainful indifference of unblemished rectitude. When even Charles Wesley was thrown into a fever of agonized excitement by the scandal against his brother caused by his wife's publication of stolen, forged, or interpolated letters, and wanted him to stay in London and expose the slander, John Wesley remained perfectly calm, knowing that no real harm can befall

> "The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
> By a strong-siding champion, Conscience."

"Brother," he said, "when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I exempt my reputation?"

Then consider his indefatigable toils—those sixty-eight years of service; the 4,400 miles which he travelled yearly on the execrable roads of those days; the 225,000 miles which he traversed in his lifetime; the 42,400 sermons—sometimes as many as fifteen a week—which he preached even after his return from Georgia—preached mostly in the open air, and sometimes to as many as 20,000 souls; those endless meetings, those burdensome anxieties, those numerous publications, that love of so many communities, continued amid incessant attacks of the mob, the pulpit, and the press, and scarcely ever relaxed till the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. Could a clergyman of any denomination, amid the work which, in comparison to his toils, is but ease and supineness, think it anything but an honour to profess reverence for the memory of one who so heroically lived and so nobly died?

Although the world and the Church have learned to be comparatively generous to Wesley now that a hundred years have sped away, and through the roar of contemporary scandal has long since ceased, I doubt whether even now he is at all adequately appreciated. I doubt whether many are aware of the extent to which to this day

the impulse to every great work of philanthropy and social reformation has been due to his energy and insight. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London Missionary Society, even the Church Missionary Society, owe not a little to his initiative. The vast spread of religious instruction by weekly periodicals, and the cheap press with all its stupendous consequences, were inaugurated by him. He gave a great extension to Sunday-schools and the work of Robert Raikes. He gave a great impulse both to national education and to technical education, and in starting the work of Silas Todd, the Foundry Teacher, he anticipated the humble and holy work of John Pounds, the Portsmouth cobbler.

He started in his own person the funeral reform, which is only now beginning to attract public attention, when in his will he directed that at his obsequies there should be no hearse, no escutcheon, no coach, no pomp. He visited prisons and ameliorated the lot of prisoners before John Howard; and his very last letter was written to stimulate William Wilberforce in his Parliamentary labours for the emancipation of the slave. When we add to this the revival of fervent worship and devout hymnology among Christian congregations, and their deliverance from the drawling doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the frigid nullities of Tate and Brady, we have indeed shown how splendid was the list of his achievements, and that, as Isaac Taylor says, he furnished "the starting-point for our modern religious history in all that is characteristic of the present time."

And yet, even in this long and splendid catalogue, we have not mentioned his greatest and most distinctive work, which was that through him to the poor the Gospel was again preached. Let Whitefield have the credit of having been the first to make the green grass his pulpit and the heaven his sounding-board; but Wesley instantly followed, at all costs, the then daring example, and, through all evil report and all furious opposition, he continued it until at last at Kingswood, at the age of eighty-one, he preached in the open air, under the shade of trees which he himself had planted, and surrounded by the children and children's children of his old disciples, who had long since passed away. Overwhelming evidence exists to show what preaching was before and in his day; overwhelming evidence exists to show what the Church and people of England were before and in his day—how dull, how vapid, how soulless, how Christless was the preaching; how torpid, how Laodicean was the Church, how godless, how steeped in immorality was the land. To Wesley was mainly granted the task, for which he was set apart by the hands of invisible consecration, the task which even an archangel might have envied him, of awakening a mighty revival of the religious life in those dead pulpits, in that slumbering Church, in that corrupt society.

His was the religious sincerity which not only founded the Wesleyan community, but, working through the heart of the very Church which had despised him, flashed fire into her whitening embers. Changing its outward forms, the work of John Wesley caused first the Evangelical movement, then the High Church movement; and, in its enthusiasm of humanity, has even reappeared in all that is best in the humble Salvationists, who learned from the example of Wesley what Bishop Lightfoot called "that lost secret of Christianity, the compulsion of human

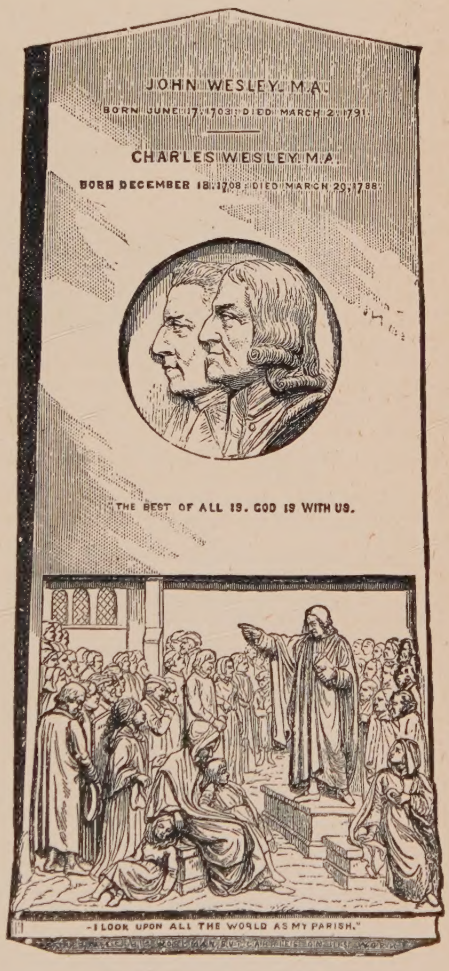
souls." Recognizing no utterance of authority as equally supreme with that which came to him from the Sinai of conscience, Wesley did the thing and scorned the consequence. His was the voice which offered hope to the despairing and welcome to the outcast. His was the voice which, sounding forth over the Valley of Dry Bones, cried, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." The poet says:

> "Of those three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ.

And when I think of John Wesley, the organizer, of Charles Wesley, the poet, of George Whitefield, the orator of this mighty movement, I feel inclined to say of those three self-sacrificing and holy men, Grant but even one to help in the mighty work which yet remains to be accomplished! Had we but three such now,

> "Hoary-headed selfishness would feel
> His death-blow, and would totter to his grave;
> A brighter light attend the human day,
> When every transfer of earth's natural gift
> Should be a commerce of good words and works."

We have, it is true, hundreds of faithful workers in the Church of England and in other religious communities. But for the slaying of dragons, the rekindlement of irresistible enthusiasm, the redress of intolerable wrongs, a Church needs many Pentecosts and many Resurrections. And these, in the providence of God, are brought about, not by committees and conferences and common workers, but by men who escape the average; by men who come forth from the multitude; by men who, not content to trudge on in the beaten paths of commonplace and the cart-ruts of routine, go forth, according to their Lord's command, into the highways and hedges; by men in whom the love of God burns like a consuming flame upon the altar of the heart; by men who have become electric to make myriads of other souls thrill with their own holy zeal. Such men


JOHN WESLEY M.A.
BORN JUNE 17 1703 DIED MARCH 2 1791
CHARLES WESLEY M.A.
BORN DECEMBER 18 1708 DIED MARCH 29 1788
THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US.
"I LOOK UPON ALL THE WORLD AS MY PARISH."

WESLEY'S MEMORIAL TABLET, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

are necessarily rare, but God's richest boon to any nation, to any society, to any church, is the presence and work of such a man—and such a man was John Wesley.

The memorial placed in West-

minster Abbey to the memory of John Wesley, more than twenty years ago, was a very tardy recognition of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to him. It stands hard by the cenotaph of that other illustrious Nonconformist, Isaac Watts, and gives the beautiful presentment of the aged face of the evangelist and the fine features of Charles, his poet-brother. In the solemn aisle thousands of visitors to our great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation may read three of his great sayings—one, so full of holy energy, "I look on all the world as my parish;" another, so full of bright and holy confidence, "God buries his workmen, but continues his work;" the third, when, on his death-bed, uplifting victoriously his feeble and emaciated arm, he said: "The best of all is, God is with us." "Yes!" he exclaimed again, in a tone of victorious rapture, "the best of all is, God is with us."

BEFORE BATOCHE.*

WINNIPEG, 1885.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD, M.D.

The outbound troops were marching, and the bands played as they went,
The cannon and artillery and cavalry were gone;
And soft cheeks paled as regiment still followed regiment
Beyond the prairies to Saskatchewan.

But at an open doorway on an unfrequented street
A little girl stood watching as she brushed the tears away,
And whispered every morning when she heard the tramp of feet,
"Mamma, will my papa be killed to-day?"

At midnight war despatches came, and through the city swept
The news that at the morn the troops would be in battle drawn;
And wet with tears were pillows where the watcher never slept,
But rose in sad-eyed sorrow at the dawn.

It was the Sabbath, calm and still, and to the chapel door
The women came, and children, but their thoughts were far away;
And with a sob of anguish asked the little girl once more,
"Mamma, will my papa be killed to-day?"

The wheatfields on the prairies near were greening in the sun,
The sunshine of the April day through coloured windows shone;
But no one saw the battle smoke, or heard the battle gun
That roared across the far Saskatchewan.

A woman wept at sunset, looking towards the western sky,
Where down on fields of scarlet gleamed afar night's golden lamps;
"If he, my love, has fallen, it were better I should die—
Oh, tell me, stars that shine on armèd camps!"

. . . . . .

The dead march play ye slowly for the comrades that are gone,
And drape the standard of St. George in raven black to-day:
O'er lonely graves the wooden cross on far Saskatchewan
Is bending by the willows where they lay.

Still at an open doorway, on an unfrequented street,
A little girl was waiting as she heard the rolling drum;
And at the well-known footstep she cried out with gladness sweet,
"Mamma, oh, dear mamma, papa has come!"

* "The following day was the Sabbath. Despatches were numerous, and it was stated as certain that the battle would be continued on that Sabbath day. There were in the congregation wives whose husbands were on the field, and parents whose sons were there; and there were children who that morning had looked into their mothers' faces and had asked, "Mamma, will my papa be killed to-day?"—From "The Old Trail of the North-West," by the Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D.

IN BAMBOO LANDS.*

"SIR DONALD" AND THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

The Japanese Mission of the Methodist Church is its oldest and most successful missionary enterprise. We have in the empire twenty missions and eighty missionaries and assistants, besides sixteen agents of the Woman's Missionary Society. The Methodists of Canada, therefore, are specially interested in all that pertains to that country. The wonderful progress which has been made within a very few years seems a fulfilment of the Scripture, "A nation shall be born in a day." We are glad to present, therefore, a review of this volume—one of the most interesting and attractive volumes on Japan that we have ever seen.

The writer possessed unusual opportunities for seeing the country and studying its institutions, obtaining admission to its highest circles, and observing under most favourable conditions what was best worth seeing. The publishers have done their part admirably The book is illustrated by 118 pictures, many of them full-page size, and admirably printed, so as to bring out the very texture of fabrics and the details of the objects shown. A large folding map enables us with intelligence to follow the route of the tourist.

It touches a feeling of patriotic pride to note that the first chapter is entitled, "The Queen's Highway," and describes with numerous illustrations our Canadian Pacific Railway, which has become the favourite route to the far East, both from Europe and the United States, and especially as furnishing Great Britain a new way around the world.

Mrs. Schuyler Baxter gives some very graphic sketches of

* "In Bamboo Lands." By Katharine Schuyler Baxter. Illustrated. New York: The Merriam Company. Toronto: William Briggs. For the illustrations that accompany this article we are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of this sumptuous volume.

travel and adventure in our Canadian Rockies. We quote a few paragraphs :

From Laggan Station, thirty miles west of Banff, we made an upward climb of three miles by stage to the Lakes of the Clouds, of matchless colouring. They lie one above the other, high up, among gigantic peaks and fields of snow, reflecting in their crystal waters the forests, cliffs, and lofty summits of their prison walls. The air was cool and bracing, and the views were unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur. We could see far down the deep and narrow gorges, and magnificent mountain ranges rearing their lofty summits above the misty realm of cloudland. It was amid such surroundings that we spent the night at a log chalet—a sweet, quiet place, picturesquely situated on the shore

LAKE AGNES, 8,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

of Lake Louise, the lowest of that trio of lakelets. . . . .

Mount Stephen, 12,000 feet high, was seen from different points as we swept through the canyons walled in by cyclopean peaks and dizzy precipices. Suddenly we left the Rockies and plunged into the Selkirks. We crawled around wooded mountainsides, we crossed bridges three hundred feet above roaring torrents, and reached Glacier House, at the foot of Mount Sir Donald. Sir Donald and the glacier looked very beautiful in the bright sunshine and magnificent in the brilliant sunset. We walked up the ravine two miles to the glacier and mounted its grimy cliffs, that lose much of their whiteness on close acquaintance. The mountains that wall in this valley and its glacier-fed stream lift their cloud-capped heights to an altitude of ten thousand feet.

That evening, under the guidance of an old miner, an excursion was planned for the following day. As the outing promised to be both instructive and amusing, the party numbered twenty-eight, and, provided with staves, we started down the valley to inspect "The Loops." The track descends six hundred feet in two miles, crossing two ravines by a series of curves and loops to reach the deep valley below—a marvellous example of engineering skill. Our guide was anxious we should see everything, and we did; and that is the reason why one over-fatigued individual declared we had tramped eighty miles instead of eight. . . .

BANFF—BOW RIVER, RUNDLE MOUNTAIN AND C. P. R. HOTEL.

The ride down the Fraser River Canyon was the most exciting feature of the trip. The grandeur and variety of scenery we had passed through from the moment we entered the Rockies is indescribable; and, seated in an observation car, we studied the ever-changing panorama. Stretched before us were canyons, wooded heights, mighty rivers, glaciers, and snow-covered spires rising upward until cloud and sky and peak commingled in one vast and bewildering vision. We had surfeit

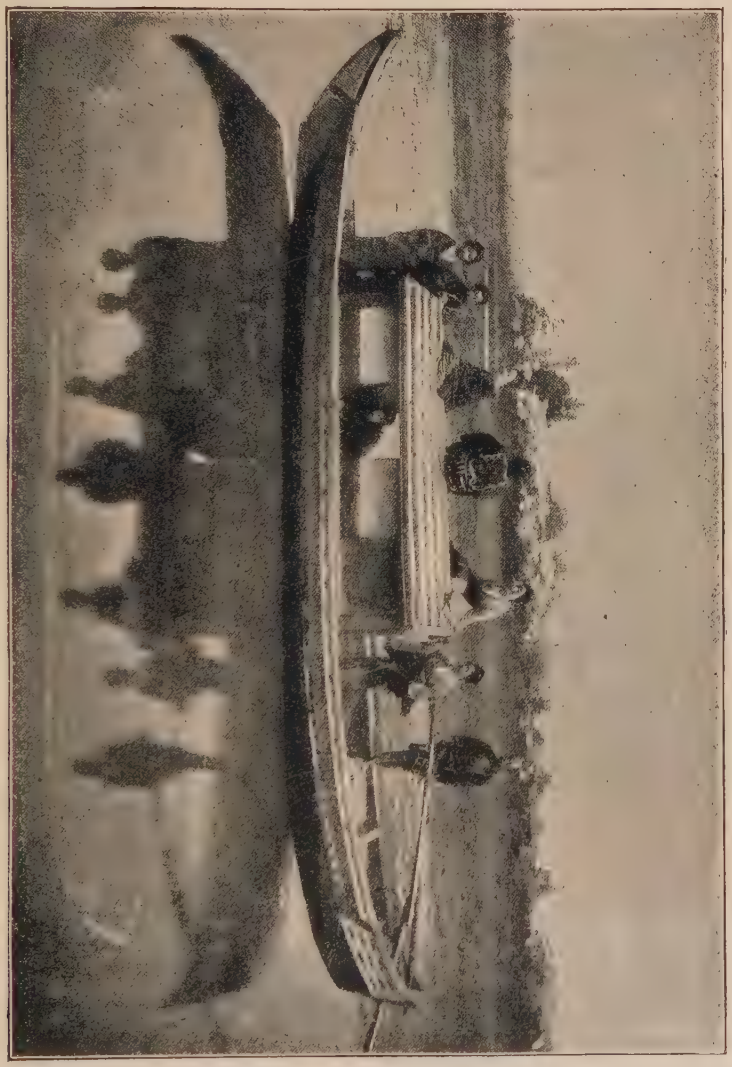
MOSS-GROWN STEPS TO THE TOMB. IEYASU.

of the beautiful. "Furs, fins, and feathers" abound in that paradise of the adventurous sportsman. The scenery of the other trans-continental roads is inferior to this, since one can look upon a lofty mountain from summit to base without a foothill to intervene.

From Vancouver we drove through the woods to a cliff where, on the rocks below, lay the wreck of the Beaver, the first steamer that ever ploughed the Pacific. It was sent around Cape Horn in 1836 by the Hudson's Bay Company, and did duty on the coast for half a century, until dashed on the rocks of Burrard Inlet.

That evening we touched at Victoria, where, in addition to other passengers and freight, we took on board three hundred Chinamen

(who go and come by ship by the hundreds), and the dead bodies of sixty more. A Chinese loves the land of his birth with a superstitious reverence, and it is his life-long wish to be buried there. If he is so unfortunate as to die in foreign lands, no matter how great the distance, he insures that his remains shall be taken to "The Flowery Kingdom" for final rest.



A JAPANESE HOUSE BOAT.

As land faded from sight, we settled down to the enjoyment of the voyage. The ship was not crowded. We had large, airy staterooms, every arrangement for delightful baths, luxurious chairs on the broad promenade decks, and the food was excellent; every comfort was provided for.

Our author was charmed with the intelligent, docile, kindly peo-

ple of Japan, with their magnificent scenery, and beautiful landscape gardening, especially that of the parks and gardens surrounding their temples and sacred places. The religious processions, such as the Champs Elysees, all one blaze of light, could not rival."

The marriage ceremony and life of the Japanese would be very interesting reading if described in detail. The marriage ceremony

A WEDDING CEREMONY.

with their pageantry, their pomp and splendour and colour, and the evening illuminations surpassed anything she had conceived. "It was a sight," she says, "rare and impressive, a beautiful spectacle, partakes largely the nature of a dinner-party.

She thus describes a visit to the famous sacred mountain of Japan :

Fujiyama, with one grand sweep, rises sublimely from the

plain. Farm lands extend to a height of fifteen hundred feet; above that is a grassy moorland, and then begins the forest belt, reaching to six thousand feet. The last eruption occurred in 1708; but it still ranks as a volcano, as steam can be seen issuing from a crater near the summit. It may again prove mischievous. From end to end the country has no less than fifty-one active volcanoes.

On the mountain-side, built for the accommodation of pilgrims, are a number of huts, in which tourists find grateful shelter when overtaken by the fierce storms of snow and wind that suddenly sweep down. To avoid staying overnight in one of these wretched places, we started long before daylight, riding up among pretty cultivated fields in the cool morning air, and were well on the moorland when the sun burst upon us, illuminating the sky and distant peaks with all the wonderful tints of pink and gold. It was a glorious sight, something to think of for the rest of one's life. We soon passed beyond the groves of hardy trees, above all vegetation, to the aerial ash-heap, gradually ascending the ancient pathway through rocky ravines and over volcanic deposits, of which much of the region is composed. It was a long, weary climb to the summit, which we reached without accident, but completely exhausted by the effort of struggling through loose cinders.

On the summit of the volcano, two and one-fourth miles above the sea, a stone hut has been erected for shelter; and there we rested while the guides prepared dinner. It was a glorious day on the peak, and we sat in the bright sunshine and looked down on a sea of clouds and golden mist. Suddenly the wind changed, the white clouds drifted away over the valley. We saw the plain at our feet and the distant ranges that, from our lofty site, looked like foothills. There seemed to be no limit to the vision. Stretching away in the distance could be seen the bays that outline the coast, mountain ranges rising one behind the other, the lakes which lie to the north, dark groves in the valley below, villages here and there, and rivers twining in and out like twisting cords of silver on their course to the sea. Not far off yawned the summit of the immense crater, from which issued sulphurous vapour. We passed out of the forest just as the sun sank below the horizon in an ocean of molten gold. Such a wealth of colour I have seldom seen—red, gold, blue, green, and violet mingled in lavish profusion.

One of the most interesting sights of Japan is the famous giant figure of Daibutsu, or Buddha. This colossal image is composed of gold, silver, and copper bronze, forming a figure nearly fifty feet in height. The mouth is three feet two inches in width, and all the other parts are in corresponding proportion. The eyes are of pure gold.

Buddha is represented in a sitting posture, gazing over the plain —silent, calm, impenetrably mysterious. The sacred figure is hollow, and contains a small shrine. As the door was opened for us to enter we passed in, examined the altar, and ascended by the stairs into the head, which is dark, and the home of myriads of spiders. Not a sound was to be heard in the dimly lighted interior, and we left it duly impressed by the unique equipment of the cranium. As it was customary to be photographed by the priests while sitting in the lap of Buddha, we were "honourably" pleased to climb up and sit on his "august" thumb during the process.

Some of the dainties of Japan,

says our author, require distinctly a "cultivated" taste. From the restaurants proceeded the most horrible smell imaginable, that of pickled daikon. This vegetable, which so strongly resembles our radish, is about two feet long, and in its natural state is not offensive; but after it lies in brine for three months, the odour becomes so awful that no foreigner can endure it. It is grown and used everywhere by the peasants and coolies, and serves to give piquancy to their otherwise tasteless food. You cannot mistake it.

accustomed to glass, but at first the panes in railway-car windows had to be smeared with paint to prevent the passengers from poking their heads through. There is a general system of telegraph lines, and the wires extend twenty-five thousand miles.

The country is beautifully broken, highly fertile, and cultivated like a garden. Not an inch of ground runs to waste; not a weed is to be seen. Superb groves of maples, elms, and beeches adorn the uplands, and tiny farms dotted with thatched

A FAMILY DINNER-PARTY.

Both for military and commercial purposes, Japan has constructed fifteen hundred miles of railroad and is constantly extending the lines. These roads are all narrow-gauge, about three feet wide, and organized on the English plan with first, second, and third-class compartments. The officials are natives in European dress. The stations are thronged with passengers, who clatter along on wooden sandals and make a most deafening noise.

The natives are now becoming

roofs cover the continuous green plain. The fields are of all sizes, from a plot twenty feet square to an acre or more, and outlined by ditches, in which the lotus is grown for food. It is a land of small things. The people, the country, the farms, the animals, the houses, the gardens, the carriages, and all the articles used in daily life are small.

Earthquakes are frequent in Japan, and that fact must be taken into account in all building operations. In the cities, miles of one-

story houses, with gray roofs, stretch in every direction, and structures with two full stories are few.

Tokyo has a population of one million five hundred thousand. Its "castle" grounds, parks, palaces, temples, and dwellings cover an area of one hundred square miles, and the distances are immense. There are fifteen ku, or wards, thirteen hundred streets, and three hundred and twenty thousand houses.

One evening, says Mrs. Baxter, we witnessed a small fire, and enjoyed a little sport watching the antics of the firemen, in full costume, with their antiquated hand-engines. Imagine firemen carrying a fan! But they do it, for I saw them, and huge ones, too.

The gardens are a miniature landscape; a pretty combination of mountain, lake, waterfall, dwarf shrubs, and carefully trained pines, two hundred years old and only a foot high.

The natives are ill-prepared for winter. Their houses, thinly built and insufficiently heated by charcoal braziers, are most uncomfortable during the short, severe frost. When more warmth is required, they put on extra garments, until they look like animated bundles. They retire early, as the evenings are dreary; a wick, floating in a cup of oil, furnishes but a faint light. The people hail

DWARF TREES.

the return of spring, and the whole population turns out many times in the year for no other purpose than to visit places which are noted for certain kinds of blossoms. We saw in the gardens of Kameido groves of plum-trees gnarled and drooping with the weight of three hundred winters. Crowds of people gather there in the spring to drink saki under the fragrant boughs, and to compose verses, which, written on paper, are hung on the branches as mementoes of the visit.

The cherry-blossom has been called "the king of flowers," and the "cherry-viewing," which takes place in April, after the much-dreaded winter is passed, is one of the great flower festivals of the year. Tea-houses, shops, and booths spring into being, to disappear when the holiday ends. They never weary of walking under the clouds of pink blossoms or of sipping cherry-flower water.

A FLOWER-VENDER.

In October, the chrysanthemum, the national flower, blooms; and then begins the greatest festival of the year. It is the finest display of its kind in the world, and is

seen at its best in Tokyo. The chrysanthemum receives undivided attention throughout the kingdom; the rich employ special gardeners to cultivate the plants in their parks, and the poor delight in purchasing them in pots for a few sen.

The flowers, of every shade and colour, were enormous—triumphs of horticultural art. In the florists' gardens at Dangozaka, which we visited in November, the flowers are arranged to represent human beings, mythological figures, trees, shops, castles, bridges, and peacocks with outspread tails.

There are no happier children in the world than the Japanese. Parents love their offspring tenderly, as one would conclude from the poetry they write on the appearance of each new tooth, and two days are set apart in the spring as festivals for them. The fete for girls occurs on the 3rd of March, and every doll-shop in Tokyo and other cities is gaily decorated and stocked with tiny dolls. Dolls are purchased and displayed in every little home; those stored away from previous anniversaries are brought out, and the morning is occupied in decorating the doll-stand, placed in the best room in the house.

If there is a new-born daughter in the family, models of the Japanese court in ancient costumes—now never seen—are given to her on her first festival; if the family are in prosperous circumstances, tiny dinner services, in porcelain and lacquer, work-boxes, and household utensils are brought, to be kept until her marriage, when they are sent to the house of the bridegroom. As there are no spinsters in Japan, the husband invariably gets the entire collection.

I never saw a case of intoxication, and never heard a profane word—for there are practically no oaths in the Japanese language.

One evidence of the piety and energy of old times is seen in the number and beauty of the temples built and kept in repair all over the kingdom, but we were greatly impressed by the apparent decay of religion. Their church festivals are holiday gatherings, their pilgrimages social outings. The Shinto is the true religion of Japan, and the rites prescribed by it are ancestor worship and filial piety. Their private devotions are limited to a "god-shelf" in every house, on which is a Shinto shrine, enclosing the memorial tablets of deceased relatives, and a Shinto mirror of steel, in which they are supposed to see their sins, as they do their distorted features.

We came upon a small shrine of Jizo and a prayer wheel—the symbol of faith. The prayers are not written, as in India; the suppliant merely turns the wheel, with the simple request that Jizo will let his sins pass by unnoticed, that he may not be punished for them in a future state. The wall was spotted with bits of chewed paper, thrown by persons who believe that if they stick, the prayers written on them will be granted. The gate was hung with exaggerated straw sandals, placed there by coolies anxious to excel in walking.

Buddhist temples are always open, night and day, throughout the year; and some of the most wonderful temples in the world are those in which Buddha is worshipped. In Japan alone there are about seventy thousand; the old faith has been sleeping, but it is by no means dead.

In the temple enclosure stands the theological seminary for the education of Buddhist priests, some of whom are to be sent as missionaries to Christian countries; for, as the monk remarked in perfect English: "If you send men to convert us, why should we not pay you the same attention, as

we know our religion to be more ancient and more logical than yours ?"

We entered a temple in time to be present at a Buddhist service—a gorgeous and impressive ceremonial. It was difficult to realize we were not in a Christian church. The magnificent high altar, with its candlesticks and lighted candles, the draped figures of Buddha, with halos on their heads, vases with freshly gathered flowers, the burning incense that pervaded the sanctuary, the ringing of sweet-toned bells, the embroidered vestments, and the richness and splendour of the ritual, formed a combination curiously similar.

A SHOP.

The peasants wear the usual shirt and short breeches of blue cotton, a bowl-shaped hat as large as an umbrella, and a fan stuck in the girdle. In wet weather they

A FARMER.

don a straw raincoat in two parts, —the upper cape tied about the neck, and the lower one fastened around the waist,—and wooden clogs, four inches high, held in position by a looped thong, which passes between the first and second toes, to keep them out of the mire.

Here are a few Japanese contrarieties. They practically begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first constructed and set on four poles; the carpenter cuts and planes toward, instead of from, himself; the best rooms are at the back of the house, and rooms are made to fit the mats instead of mats to fit the rooms. They have no chimneys to their houses, the smoke finding its way out at the doors and windows.

They wear white instead of black for mourning. They carry their babes on their backs, not in their arms. Boats are drawn on the shore stern first, and horses are tied in the stall with their heads where we place their tails. A Japanese book ends where ours begins. Wine is used before dinner, not after, and sweets are served as a first course. They politely remove their shoes as we do our hats, and when a man is insulted, instead of killing his enemy, he kills himself.

Resident Europeans, by their irreligion, and the number of Eurasians, or half-castes—unfortunate children of Christian fathers—at the open ports do much to retard the spread of Christianity, and travellers, in the rush of sight-seeing, neglect their own places of worship to visit heathen shrines. It is a trying condition of affairs.

The Christian religion has had a hard struggle in Japan. Beginning with the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in 1549, the new theology early in the next century had gained about six hundred thousand converts. The government became alarmed at its spread, and, fearing its influence, determined to suppress it. The Christians defied the ruling power, and rebellion, sieges, and massacres followed, ending with the wholesale slaughter of Pappenburg. The converts met their fate with courage, refusing to trample on the cross. The new faith was completely obliterated. Griffis explains the success of the Jesuit missions of the sixteenth century partly by the resemblance between the outer forms of Roman Catholicism and the outer forms of Buddhism.

Attending a missionary service, our author was invited to play the wheezy little organ, imported from England, and found it difficult to keep time with the lively singing of the natives, although "the choir and organist usually finished in unison." "There was something very affecting to me in the efforts of this humble little mission, which had been raided more than once, so far without serious results." The missionaries had great obstacles to overcome from the fickleness of character and the indifference of the Japanese to all religion. Many of the Japanese students who had returned from a course of study in Europe, especially in Germany, proclaimed that the people did not believe in Christianity in those countries. "While no Oriental race as a whole have been converted to Christianity," she remarks, "God bless whoever tugs at the attempt."

The educational system of Japan excited our author's admiration. Public schools modelled upon the best results obtained in Europe and America, and an Imperial University, besides the Christian schools and colleges. It is officially announced that "It is intended that education shall be so diffused that there will not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." This is probably the secret of the success of little, lithe, active Japan over great, sluggish, reactionary China, whose ancient civilization exhibits a remarkable instance of arrested development.

Dear Lord, I'm very tired,
O, let me rest in Thee;
Thou knowest I am weak, dear Lord,
O, be Thou strength for me.

Dear Lord, the way *is* long,
But Thou my guide wilt be;
I can't help getting tired, dear Lord,
But there is rest with Thee.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

"THE LAND OF THE SKY."

"THE TRACK MAY BE SEEN BELOW ON FOURTEEN DIFFERENT GRADES."

With the single exception of the wonderful Valley of the Yosemite, a scene which is perfectly unique in its blending of the sublime and beautiful, we know of no place on this continent which presents such manifold attractions to the tourist in search of the picturesque, or the invalid in search of health, as the "Land of the Sky" in North Carolina. A visit to the Yosemite involves, from Toronto, a railway journey of three thousand miles, and a dusty and tiresome stage ride of one hundred and forty more. But the Carolina sky land can be reached in a little over twenty-four hours. The White Mountains of New Hampshire present many attractive scenes, but there are in North Carolina over forty mountains which exceed in height Mount Washington, and eighty more which approximate it.

Hotel rates at the Yosemite are necessarily high, so remote is it from the railways, and so costly is transportation over the mountain roads. At Asheville, while there are high-priced hotels, there are also scores of comfortable boarding-houses at reasonable rates. We find this beautiful region so well described by Mr. Frank Presbrey, that we cannot do better than quote his account of its manifold attractions :

The picturesque Blue Ridge and the other ranges of the Appalachians, form the "divide" between the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River, extending in an undulating line about 1,300 miles, varying little between

the Gaspe promontory of the St. Lawrence and Alabama, from a north-east and south-west direction. Toward the east it slopes through gentle undulations to the sea, and its western limits do not reach at any point beyond the St. Lawrence and the Ohio Rivers. The main plateau becomes much more elevated as it stretches southward, until in North and South Carolina and Georgia it attains a width of about 200 miles and an altitude of from one to two thousand feet above the sea level.

This broad and fertile territory is known as the Piedmont region and presents one of the most beautiful combinations of varied and attractive scenery, and climate unsurpassed.

The Appalachian chain is divided by natural formations into three divisions — the northernmost part forms the Highlands of Canada, the magnificent White and Green Mountains of New England and the Adirondacks of the Empire State. The rush of the Hudson and the Mohawk Rivers to the sea severs the chain, but it appears again in the Middle Section, which stretches from the Hudson to the picturesque New River in Virginia, an unbroken natural battlement of 450 miles with many parallel ranges. This group is called the Alleghanies in general terms, although the eastern range maintains a distinct and individual autonomy of its own as the Blue Ridge.

Once south of the New River the system becomes more indefinite and complex, but the main range with overpowering and increasing majesty bears off to the south-west for nearly 300 miles, maintaining its same characteristics but yielding its general name to local titles, such as the Great Smoky—made famous through the charming stories of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree)—the Iron, the Bald, the Black, the Stone, and other mountains. It is within the oval encircled by these great ranges that there has been formed a mountainous plateau broken irregularly by cross ranges and spurs, filled with peaceful and verdant valleys, rushing mountain streams and forests of mighty trees, together producing a combination

BITS ON THE SKY-LAND RAILWAY.

of natural beauty of which the world has few if any equals.

The man or woman who loves Nature for Nature's sake, loves the mountains best. It is their rugged crests which show forth the temper of the day. They smile in sunshine and frown in storm, and in the great creases of their rugged faces lie the deep shadows of the night while yet the noonday sun is high. There is nothing else in nature which so inspires one to purer thoughts or so truly marks the insignificance of man, as the mountains. Nature has spread her canvas with a gorgeous scheme of colouring, with a depth and grandeur of background of which the finest paintings ever produced are but the feeblest imitations. The handiwork of man may be shut within walls and viewed but by the favoured few, but nature's beauties are unveiled to all, the rich and the poor alike, and it is not the touch of gold, but the responsiveness of the soul, which is the open sesame to their enjoyment.

Prof. J. A. Holmes, the State Geologist, tells us that there are in Western North Carolina forty-three distinct mountains of 6,000 feet and upward, or higher than Mount Washington, and eighty-two more which exceed in height 5,000 feet and closely approximate 6,000, while the number which exceed 4,000 and approximate 5,000 is innumerable.

They are beautiful mountains, too; shapely, and with lines as graceful as those of a model, they raise their proud heads far above the fertile valleys which lie at their feet. Clothed to their very summits with a most magnificent deciduous forest which Professor Fernow declares the finest on the continent, they form a picture of natural beauty and grandeur, the equal of which would be difficult to find in any land. There are here and there, however, stupendous precipices, as for instance on old Whiteside and Caesar's Head, the former presenting a solid, almost perpendicular wall of rock 1,800 feet in height. But these instances are rare, the general contour being one of grace and beauty.

["Mr. Vanderbilt has already expended over four million dollars on his palace and estate, and it is yet two years from completion."]

In this elevated plateau of North Carolina (the highest body of land east of the Rockies), of which Asheville is the commercial and metropolitan centre, the natural climatic conditions occur in better

combination than anywhere else in America.

There is but one way to reach "The Land of the Sky," no matter whence you come, and that is by the Southern Railway, which is the great thoroughfare between the Northern and Southern States; being the natural gateway to the most active part of the South, the main line stretching from Washington to Birmingham, Ala.

From Salisbury, the Western North Carolina division branches off, running through Hickory and Old Fort, where the tortuous ascent of the Blue Ridge Mountains begins. From this point, which is marked by two massive walls of rock between which the Linville River dashes as if glad to have at last reached the plain, the scenery becomes more and more sublime. The train, drawn by the two powerful locomotives, creeps like a

PICTURESQUE BITS IN SKY-LAND.

huge serpent over wild chasms and heights so dizzy as to make one shudder as he looks into the yawning abyss below. On every side, mountains clothed from base to

KENILWORTH INN.

dome with pines and balsams, while cascades of sparkling brilliancy dash down the mountain side almost upon the train. At last Round Knob is reached and a stop is made as if to give the panting engines a moment's rest before attempting the final great ascent to the summit of the range. And then on again, up and up, higher and higher, the ponderous engines labour, until finally, plunging into a tunnel 1,800 feet in length which crowns the very summit of the range. In this tunnel a

spring, as if uncertain of its location, divides its water, sending part to the west and to the Mississippi and part to the east and the Atlantic. From a curve just before the tunnel is reached it is possible on a clear day to see the track at seventeen distinct points below, so tortuous has been the ascent.

As the summit is reached, the eye takes in range after range of mountains, following one after the other like giant waves of old ocean racing for the beach. Silvery waterfalls come tumbling down the mountain sides. The ruggedness fades and yields its sway to the pastoral, where one hears the

"Humming of bees in the heather bells
And bleatings in the distant dells."

THE HOMES OF ASHEVILLE, N.C.

The growth of "The Land of the Sky" as a place of resort in winter as well as in summer has within the last few years been more rapid than the development of any other place of resort for health or pleasure. The "winter-boarder industry" has become a well-established business.

The isothermal line which passes through Asheville, the commercial and tourist centre of the "Land of the Sky," as continued is drawn just south of San Francisco, California, north of Salt Lake City, Utah, south of St. Louis, through Lisbon and Madrid, Marseilles, Rome, Naples, and south of Constantinople.

The winter temperature of Asheville is several degrees warmer than that of Geneva, Switzerland, and Turin, Italy, and fourteen degrees warmer than that of Davos, in the Swiss Alps, where a thousand patients are sent every winter by the specialists of Europe for the beneficial effects of its mountain air.

Asheville is a very charming little city nestling in the very bosom of the everlasting hills. It has an active, prosperous population of about 15,000.

The first view which the traveller from the North has of Asheville is that of the Kenilworth Inn and its many picturesque gables and towers. It is ideally located on

the south side of Beaumont mountain, with the most complete southern exposure, in the centre of a park of 160 acres, containing the most beautiful and varied forest growth. Within the towers are two sun parlours, from which can be obtained views covering 1,200 square miles of territory, including 26 peaks of the 43 to be found in this section, which are higher than Mount Washington, or anything east of the Rocky Mountains; the highest being Mount Mitchell,

A BAG OF A HUNDRED QUAILS IS AN AVERAGE DAY'S SPORT.

6,742 feet high, on the top of which Prof. Mitchell is buried.

A superbly wooded tract of the most varied forest growths, contains grand old Spanish and stately white oaks, pines, dogwoods, spicewood, rhododendrons, laurel, azaleas, sweet shrubs, larkspurs, and small flora too numerous to mention.

It will be of interest to many to know that Mr. Vanderbilt selected this particular location for his chateau, because after having travelled the world over he found the climate of the Asheville plateau to be the finest and the scenery the most attractive. He therefore purchased a large tract of beautifully located land, and has kept adding to it until he now has acquired title to nearly 100,000 acres (more than 180 square miles), one portion of which touches the city limits of Asheville, from which it stretches over mountain and valley for such a distance that it will be possible for him, after the purchase of a small intervening section, to ride for thirty-five miles in a straight line from his chateau without leaving his own possessions.

Upon Mr. Vanderbilt's magnificent palace or chateau, several hundred skilled workmen were employed for six years. It stands upon an esplanade 700 x 300 feet. Huge retaining walls of solid masonry—16 feet in thickness at the base, and at some points 40 feet high, surround the esplanade. The chateau is 375 feet by 192, and is four stories in height. From its windows the views are of surpassing loveliness. Below and stretching away in either direction is the valley of the French Broad; while beyond rises a billowy sea of mountains, more than six thousand feet in height, until far away they blend in misty distance with the Smoky Range. Macadamized roads are being built, and more than a million shrubs and ornamental trees have been transplanted into the parks. The game preserves will be extensive, and several hundred deer will run at random through the forests. It will as a whole undoubtedly be the finest estate in the world. Mr. Vanderbilt has expended $4,000,000 on the house, and the entire cost will amount, it is said, to $6,000,000.

ON THE FRENCH BROAD.

The French Broad River is one of the most picturesque on the continent. For the entire distance the railroad hugs close to the river, which dashes merrily over boulders as it cuts its way through the wild gorges of the mountains. As it nears Hot Springs the mountains become bolder and hem it in closer and closer, as if by common resolve to block its way, but with one mighty curve it leaps into the lovely Hot Springs Valley.

Lovers of the rod and gun will find Western North Carolina the best locality for the enjoyment of the sport east of the Rocky Mountains. Most of the streams abound in trout, and quail or partridges are so abundant that at this time they are retailing in the markets of the principal towns at fifty cents a dozen.

There are scores of charmingly located resorts and at almost any of them excursions may be easily made to most romantic spots, such as Hickory-Nut Gap, Swananoa Gulch, and others. Besides its famous Battery Park and Kenilworth Inn, Asheville has a number of smaller hotels, and hundreds of excellent boarding-houses.

The site of the first-named hotel was during the war occupied by a Confederate battery which was intended for the defence of the city. Grim instruments of death glared viciously over the breastworks, which still remain, but the cannon have yielded their places to flowers and shrubs, and children romp thoughtlessly over the green slopes.

There are immortal moments in each life;
They come and go—
One scarce may of their presence know,
Yet in them there is struck a chord,
It may be loud, it may be low,
Of peace or strife,
Of love or hate,
Which will vibrate,
Like circles from a pebble's throw,
Unto the coming of the Lord.

—*A. E. Hamilton.*

DEACONESS WORK IN CANADA.

BY MISS E. JEAN SCOTT.

MISS E. JEAN SCOTT.

A new army has invaded the world. As yet few in numbers, it possesses mighty power. For its Leader is stronger, its banner brighter, its weapons are surer, than those of any force that ever trod the earth. Yet it is heralded by no blare of trumpets. It was among us, and we knew it not, so silent is its working.

It is an army of peace, whose leader is the Prince of Peace, whose banner is the Cross, whose sole weapon is the Sword of the Spirit, whose watchword is "For Jesus' Sake," and whose warriors are women. It is the army of deaconesses.

As the Captain of our salvation in days of old "went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of

disease among the people," so to-day this regiment of followers is scouring all Christendom, doing a similar three-fold work of teaching, preaching, and healing.*

What is Deaconess Work?

It is a voluntary banding together of women to help in the church. The need of the movement is found in the fact that it is impossible for men to do all the work which the Church ought to do in the world.

Take, for example, the industrial education of poor children. Whoever heard of a man as a kindergartner? Yet the Church is called to do this work. Then take the work of caring for the sick poor. Whoever heard of a minister going round to nurse the sick? It is absurd on the face of it.

Again, look at the rescue work the Church must engage in. What could ministers do in this line? They would forfeit their reputation. All of which illustrates this fact, that as long as men only are set apart to do the work of the Church in the world, it will only be half done.

I believe that deaconesses stand co-ordinate with deacons or preachers, and should be so recognized, while I do not believe their work is the same.

It will be interesting to our readers to know something of the origin and early history of the deaconess movement.

History of the Movement.

It is interesting to note that, like so many of the best things in the world, deaconess work is not really new. Many of the methods employed are necessarily new, in order to cope with modern conditions, but the foundation principles of the movement are as old as Christianity itself.

Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, in her book entitled, "Deaconesses," shows the Biblical warrant for the work and its apostolic sanction.

The early Church, like its great founder, reckoned the care of the poor a religious service, and deacons, according to the graphic account in the sixth chapter of Acts, were first appointed for that function. But women were secluded in many countries where Christianity was preached, and in all countries there were peculiar duties pertaining to the care of the sick and destitute, that only a woman could perform. From this fact came naturally the appointment of female deacons. James had said that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, was this, "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," and this was the first work of the deaconess. As the organization of the Church became more complicated, their duties increased.

It is interesting to learn that a great multitude of women were early found pressing their way into the ranks of the deaconesses. Women of rank and wealth are mentioned as applicants to the order, and it is impossible to estimate the influence they had in gathering converts. The deaconess movement reached the zenith of its power in the reign of Constantine. From his time it gradually declined, dying out in the Western Church about the sixth century, and in the Eastern Church lasting until the twelfth century. During the period of the Dark Ages, it was entirely neglected and forgotten.

"The Greatest of Lost Arts."

With the dawn of the Reformation, the nineteenth century and the emancipation of women, came the re-establishment of this Christ-like work. Regarding its second

*G. T. B. Davis.

birth, Miss Frances E. Willard has written :

Wendell Phillips had a famous lecture on "The Lost Arts," but in it did not include that greatest of lost arts in the religious world—the work of deaconesses. That the Church could ever have fallen away from an application of Christianity so helpful, comforting, and blessed, having enjoyed it once, furnishes proof sadly significant of the human alloy that so grievously (dis) tempers its gold. No omen of brighter augury for humanity gilds the sunset glories of the nineteenth century than the re-establishment of the Order of Deaconesses in almost every branch of the Church universal.

The Father of the Modern Movement.

The chief apostle in the revival of the work in Europe was Theodore Fliedner, a German Protestant pastor, born in 1800. He earnestly believed in the scripturalness of the Order, and that women "have a special gift for service." Seeing in his little parish the great need of benevolent work by women, he established the first modern deaconess home in his own house in 1833. In addition to the main institutions at Kaiserwerth, there are to-day more than twenty-five "branches," situated not only in Germany, but also in Italy, England, Asia Minor, Syria, Northern Africa, and America. After Pastor Fliedner had demonstrated in such a practical manner the need and value of the work in our day, the movement spread rapidly over Europe and England.

As early as 1850, deaconess work was instituted in America, under the auspices of a German Lutheran pastor, in Pittsburg, Pa., but the work did not greatly enlarge or spread. The Episcopal Church also employs a few deaconesses.

Lucy Rider Meyer opened her Training School in Chicago, Oct. 20th, 1885, a date which will hereafter be commemorated as an historical epoch in American Methodism. This Training School has had a remarkable growth. The first class in 1885 numbered four, a striking contrast to the number that has crowded its walls these later years.

Deaconess Work in Canada.

Toronto Methodism, recognizing the great work being done through the agency of foreign and American deaconesses, took into

DEACONESS HOME, TORONTO.

practical consideration the question of a like organization in Canada. The Toronto Conference, after two years' careful consideration, by means of standing committees, decided to form "such a systematic organization of consecrated Christian women as will give them an official relation to the Church, similar to the order of deaconesses in primitive Christianity."

Miss Alice M. Thompson, a graduate of the Chicago Training School for Home and Foreign

Missions, was asked to take charge of the work, and on May 28, 1894, the Home was opened.

It is modelled after the family home. The superintendent has charge of the Home and directs the outside work. The workers are supported by the funds paid into the Home, receiving board and small allowance, just enough to furnish the simple costume which they wear. Economy was one reason why a distinctive dress was adopted. It does not attempt to follow the vagaries of the changing fashions.

At the end of the first year, the class numbered six. That year, as well as the two succeeding years, the Home was a station, where those sent out under the Woman's Missionary Society have for a few weeks or months gained practical knowledge through direct contact with mission work.

The report of the first year's work numbers 3,950 calls. The character of these calls is varied indeed. Calls on the sick, the unconverted, the dying, the bereaved, the fallen, the careless, the young Christian, beside others less easily defined, have been made.

Where the mother was ill, a deaconess has for months kept the children tidy for school and Sabbath-school, by going once or twice a week to iron and mend the clothes, supplementing the scanty wardrobe with clothes sent to the Home.

Widows and children have been clothed, to leave the mother's earnings to buy food and coal. Aged Christians have been made respectable for church. Many baskets of food have been given away; the sick are largely the recipients of these. Many of the sick have been nursed in their homes. Deaconess nursing, as it is generally among the poor, usually includes doing the housework and attending to the children, as well as nursing the sick.

Incidents in Visiting Work.

An aged saint, of ninety-two years, had been ill two months without any Christian companionship, when the case was reported to the visiting deaconess of the district. The first thing she did on calling was to go out and get a warm blanket, for all the bedding the old woman had was a bundle of rags for a pillow and two old quilts. Visits were frequent, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was so manifest in that sick chamber that the deaconess could but weep for joy as the patient would break forth in praises to God and assurances that she would soon be home and at rest. "And I will know you when you come, and I'll say, 'That is the one that was so good to me.'"

Delicate food and flowers she now enjoys, and she always thanks God, not the messenger, for these. One night, when so ill that all thought she must die, a deaconess watched by her bedside, and a friend by the side of the old woman's son-in-law, who was so drunk he could do no further violence than to lie on the floor and kick and scream. Early in the morning he awoke, and urged the deaconess to have a cup of tea and go home. She felt sure that his solicitations were due to the fact that a bottle of whiskey was concealed some place in the house. After diving into several corners, she found it concealed in the bed. It was a matter of a second to carry it out-doors and place it under the doorstep until she would be going away.

But granny's work is not finished. Slowly her health is returning, and the best part is still to be told. The son-in-law has not touched drink for some weeks,

attends regularly the mission services, and we have reason to hope that the faith and consistent Christian life of this faithful soul will be rewarded with the joy of seeing her family brought safely into the fold.

Work Among the Children.

This branch of the work has been most encouraging. Many kitchen-garden classes, boys' and girls' clubs, Junior Epworth Leagues, sewing-schools, etc., are conducted. Conversions among the children have been numerous. In a home of poverty and squalor, where the father was seldom sober, and the mother very careless, Christ came to dwell in the heart of the son, a boy of twelve years. His Christian experience is clear and bright. He did not rest until his mother was brought to the mission services, and now her face beams as she also stands to bear witness of how "Now, I am whole." Harry declares, with all the enthusiasm of youth, his intention to become a foreign missionary, and he is no dreamer. In a most practical manner he has already begun the work by devoting five cents a week out of the three dollars he earns, to the Foreign Mission work.

How the Work is Supported.

In cities where the work has been carried on several years and is well known, it is recognized as a powerful influence toward making respectable citizens of the disturbing element; and business men, acting along the line that prevention is better than cure, pay into the Home, for the support of a deaconess, two hundred dollars a year. There are those also who cannot enter the work, but by paying a like sum, put a worker in the field in their stead. What better investment can you imagine, or that will be more profitable and far-reaching in result, in returns? There are donations from every part of our Dominion, from fifty cents upwards, but if they were multiplied, the facilities for work would be, in proportion, strengthened and broadened.

We use the word "broadened" advisedly, for we have great hopes for the future of our work.

Future of Deaconess Work in Toronto.

There are hundreds of young women all over Canada, who are free to enter a Training School, where they will be fitted for greater usefulness in all branches of Christian work. Prominence of Epworth League and Christian Endeavor work has been a great stimulus in promoting a desire for this, because it has called into action the best energies of its young women. What reason have we to believe that a training school on such a large scale can, and should be, operating in Toronto? This need was foreseen by the late H. A. Massey, when he bequeathed for the building of a Deaconess Home, Training School and Hospital, the sum of $100,000. This fact, when known, should call to action the beneficence of the Methodist Church of Canada.

In helping the deaconess movement at the present, you are helping yourselves for the future. For what the Chicago Training School is to the United States, the Toronto Training School is destined to be to Canada. The greatest need of deaconess homes, in Toronto and elsewhere, is workers—more trained workers.

Qualification of Candidates.

"A sound mind in a sound body" is, first of all, necessary. She should have at least a fair English education, but the more highly educated the better. But

above all, she should have a heart set toward the work. She should have a real desire to do God's will. She must be twenty-five years of age before she receives the seal of the Church, but may enter the work for training at twenty-two years of age. Then, also, we prefer not to take persons above forty years of age. The deaconesses take no vows of any sort at any time. No deaconess receives a cent of salary, and they devote all their time to Christian work. It is the simplest and most open arrangement.

Young women, here is the opportunity to exercise the best talents, the finest acquirements, in one of the highest callings God has ever put upon women. Have you the consecration to offer these? God never makes a need imperative, when there are no workers to respond, but very often those whom he calls hesitate.

We are so confident that God has much to accomplish through this agency, that we know we are placing before you a privilege that every consecrated woman, who is at liberty, should earnestly consider.

Toronto, Ont.

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thy sun shall ne'er decline; neither again
Wilt thou regretful watch the moon's withdrawal,
When thou hast entered on the happy life
Beyond this world of shadows. There the Lord
Shall be to thee a bright and shining light
Forevermore; and thy exceeding glory.
And there thou shalt thy grievings all forget,—
Or only think of them with thankfulness,
As when, from awesome visions of the night,
We glad awake, at morningtide, to know
That we have but been dreaming.

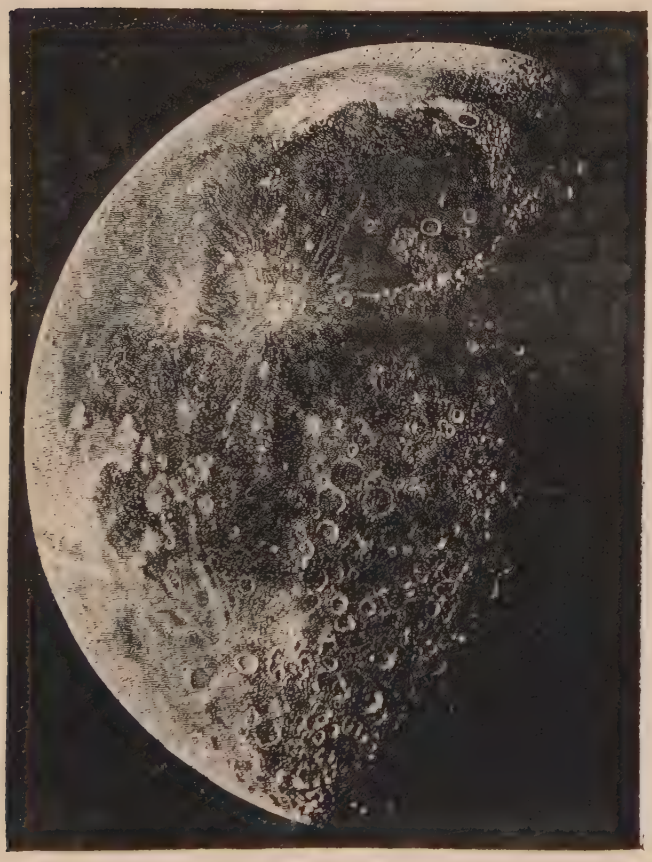
For the courts
Of purity and peace and love and joy,
Lit by the Presence of the Living God,
Admit nor sin nor sadness. Holy all,
And perfected in happiness are those
Who there do dwell. No strivings pain them more,
For victory o'er temptation; conquerors made
Through Him Who loved them. Not again they long,
In hours of loneliness, for joys denied.
Rivers of rich delight and wells of pleasure,
Deep and exhaustless, satisfy desires
Of every heart; while sweet companionships
With souls akin know never sunderings.

Then cheer thee, cheer thee, even though thou yet
Art waiting where the shades of night descend;
And darker shades, of danger or of sorrow,
Do oft oppress. Unto the eye of faith
Are granted glimpses of the glorious land
Where darkness is no more. Oh, then rejoice,
While thou dost know that soon, for thee, shall rise
The Sun that setteth not!

Toronto.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE MOON.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.



VIEW OF THE MOON NEAR THE THIRD QUARTER.
From a Photograph.

The beautiful big telescopes which are now at work at several observatories have rendered a new service to astronomy. They have given a fresh impulse to lunar studies, and once again the old questions as to the existence of air and water and the possibility of organic life on the surface of our satellite are discussed—this time with some prospects of a definite solution.

For some time past lunar studies have been decidedly falling into neglect. The immense, apparently lifeless plains of the moon, which still retain the name of "seas," or "maria," although no traces of present or past marine action can be detected on their surfaces; its immense circus-shaped craters, which have no rivals in size on our own planet; its high chains of mountains and

deep rents—all these had been minutely measured and mapped down to the smallest craterlets, with the hope of discovering some signs of life, or of change going on on the moon's surface; and yet no such signs were forthcoming, at least in a definite form.

There was, of course, a small army of devoted selenographers who continued to give their lives to a minute study of the visible surface of the moon. With instruments of a modest power they achieved real wonders in delineating the minor details of lunar topography, and from time to time they caught glimpses of such appearances as seemed to indicate the presence of water in certain cavities, or a periodical growth of some vegetation, or, at least, a still continuing volcanic activity. But each time such appearances were studied in detail, it became evident that unless more powerful instruments were directed towards our satellite, there was little hope of solving those questions relative to life which, in astronomy as everywhere else, chiefly fascinate man. Gradually it began to be said that we already know about the moon all that can be known, and interest in lunar studies waned amongst astronomers.

Yet, in reality, our knowledge of the moon is still very limited. Our best map of its visible surface, although it is a marvel of accuracy, represents it only on a scale of 1 to 1,780,000, which is quite insufficient to show even such changes as are still going on on our own globe.* We know, indeed, that in our lifetime many changes have taken place in the shapes of our hills, valleys, river courses, and ocean shores; but what could we know of such changes if we only had small maps to compare? Moreover, only now, with such big instruments as the Lick telescope, which has a glass lens thirty-six inches in diameter, or the admirable Paris telescope (twenty-four inch lens), we can distinguish, under the most favourable circumstances, the valleys and the hillocks, which are from six hundred and fifty to one thousand feet in width; but until quite lately, all we could see was objects over one or two miles wide; so that it has been truly said that if all the knowledge of the earth by a man in the moon were of the same sort, he also might represent our planet as an arid, dreary body with no traces of life upon it.

Photography undoubtedly supplied astronomers with a precious aid. Already in the admirable photograph of the moon, which was made in 1865 by Rutherford, and still more in modern photographs, the circuses, the plains, and the mountains appeared with a relief and reality of which the best maps gave not the faintest idea. But lunar photography is beset with so many difficulties, chiefly on account of the irregular proper movements of the moon, that up till now the largest photographs obtained were less than eight inches in diameter. And it was only quite lately that they could be enlarged ten, twenty, and even thirty-three times, without the details being blurred. Some of the negatives obtained at the Lick Observatory, and at Paris by the brothers Henry, in an especially quiet, favourable atmosphere, were even so clear, that it was found advisable to carefully examine them under the microscope, and to make with the hand detailed drawings from the best of them.

An examination of such enlarged photographs, which permits us to embrace with the eye a

* The moon has on this map a diameter of 75 inches, while its real diameter is 2,160 m les.

large surface, filled with a mass of nature-true details, has led MM. Loewy and Puiseux to some interesting suggestions concerning the origin of the so-called "rills" or groups of parallel rents in the moon's crust.* And on the other side of the Atlantic, the direct observations lately made by Professor W. Pickering under the clear sky of Peru, as well as his studies of the American photographs, have produced such new data concerning the atmosphere of the moon, and the possible existence of water on its surface, as are sure to give a quite fresh interest to lunar studies.

The moon is so small in comparison with the earth (its weight is eighty-one times less), and consequently the force of gravity is so much smaller on its surface, that, even if it had an atmosphere of the same composition as ours, its density in its lowest parts would be from thirty to fifty times less than the density of our atmosphere at the sea-level. But it appears from Dr. Johnstone Stoney's investigations, that even if the moon was surrounded at some time of its existence with a gaseous envelope consisting of oxygen, nitrogen, and water vapour, it would not have retained much of it. The gases, as is known, consist of molecules, rushing in all directions at immense speeds; and the moment that the speed of a molecule, which moves near the outward boundary of the atmosphere, exceeds a certain limit (which would be about ten thousand six hundred feet in a second for the moon), it can escape from the sphere of attraction of the planet. Molecule by molecule the gas must wander off into the inter-planetary space; and, the smaller the mass of the molecule of a given gas, the feebler the planet's attraction, and the higher the temperature at the boundary of its atmosphere, the sooner the escape of the gas must take place. This is why no free hydrogen could be retained in the earth's atmosphere, and why the moon could retain no air or water vapour.

However, neither these speculations, which are very likely to be true, nor Bessel's previous calculations, could convince practical astronomers of the absolute absence of any atmosphere round the moon. A feeble twilight is seen on our satellite, the twilight is due, as is known, to the reflection of light within the gaseous envelope; besides, it had been remarked long since at Greenwich that the stars which are covered by the moon during its movements in its orbit remain visible for a couple of seconds longer than they ought to be visible if their rays were not slightly broken as they pass near to the moon's surface. Consequently, it was concluded that the moon must have some atmosphere, perhaps only two hundred times thinner than our own. Of course, a gaseous envelope so thin as that would only be noticeable in the deeper valleys, and it would attain its greatest density within the circus-like cavities whose floor, as a rule, lies deeper than the surrounding country. Towards the tops of the

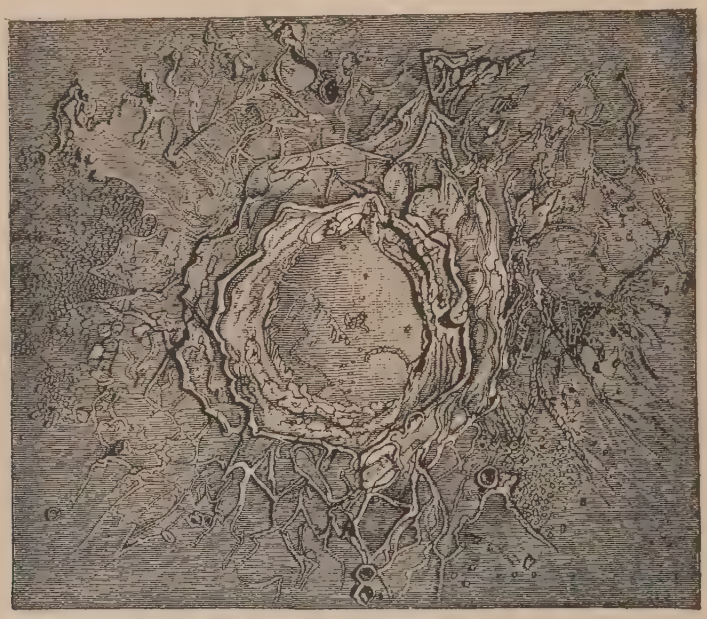
* To explain the origin of these rents, Loewy and Puiseux look for the time when the rocks were in an igneous, half-liquid state, and floating islands of consolidated scoria were formed on the surface of the molten rocks and drifted like the ice-floes in the Arctic Ocean. Remaining in that sphere of ideas, it may, however, be remarked that the same rents might have originated when the whole crust was already solidified. When Lake Baikal is covered with a thick sheet of ice, and the level of the water goes slightly down in the winter, the ice is intersected by long rents, one to ten yards wide, which usually appear in about the same places and in the same directions. They run in straight lines, have vertical sides, and when the water at their bottom is frozen, they become miniature models of lunar rents.

mountains it would be imperceptible. But, nevertheless, as was shown by Neison, it would play an important part in the economy of life on the moon's surface.

The observations made at Lick, at Paris, and at Arequipa, fully confirm this view. A twilight is decidedly visible at the cusps of the crescent moon, especially near the first and the last quarter. It prolongs the cusps as a faint glow over the dark shadowed part, for a distance of about seventy miles, (60"), and this indicates the existence of an atmosphere having on the surface of the moon the same density as our atmosphere has at a height of about forty miles.

Such an atmosphere is next to nothing, but there is another observation, namely, of a dark band appearing between Jupiter and the moon's limb when the former begins to be covered by the latter; and Professor Pickering finds no other explanation for it than in some very light haze, partly due to water vapour, which would rise a few miles above the moon's surface when it is illuminated by the rays of the sun.

Such a supposition would have been met some time ago with great suspicion. But it must be said that the more the moon's surface is studied in detail the more astronomers are inclined to think that, in some places at least, a haze, originated from water vapour, is the only possible means to explain certain curious occurrences. Thus, Dr. Sarling has lately reminded us that, in 1774, Eysenhard, a pupil of Lambert, saw the part of the shadow line which crossed one of the plains (the Mare Crisium) brought in a wave-like movement which lasted for two hours and was seen by three different persons—only in this part of the lunar disc. Those undulations, which spread at a



LUNAR CRATER "COPERNICUS," AFTER SECCHI.

speed of twelve hundred feet per second over a distance of eighty miles, could only be due—as Dr. Sarling truly remarks—to vapours floating over the plain. In several instances, the interiors of deep lunar circuses took a misty appearance at sunrise, and this misty appearance disappeared as the sun rose higher above the same circus, while in other cases it persisted a considerable time after sunrise, even though all around was sharply marked and distinct. And so on. The temperature of the moon's surface, when it is heated by the sun's rays, being very near to the freezing point, as appears from Langley's last measurements, the evaporation of frozen water under the rays of the rising sun is surely not at all improbable.

It remains, of course, to be seen whether a haze of this sort is not due in some cases to water ejected by volcanoes or geysers; the more so as some volcanic activity, remodelling until now the forms of the craters, seems to exist. There is, indeed, among astronomers a strong suspicion of a lunar crater, nearly three miles in diameter, being of recent formation. It was first discovered by Dr. Klein in 1876, in the plain named Mare Vaporum, after he himself and many others had previously so often examined that region without seeing the crater. Besides, the alternate appearance and disappearance of another crater (Linne), nearly four miles in diameter, can hardly be explained unless it is concealed from time to time by the vapours which it itself exhales. As to changes observed in the shapes of small lunar volcanoes, they are too numerous to be due to mere errors of observation. If free water thus exists occasionally, even now, on the moon's surface, or has existed at a relatively recent period, it is natural to ask whether it has left no traces of its activity. Are there no river-valleys which would bear testimony to its existence? Till lately, the majority of astronomers answered this question in the negative, even though their earlier predecessors, armed with feebler telescopes, were most affirmative on this point. The maria, or seas, are known to be plains on which no traces of aqueous action have been detected, and the clefts, or large "rills," are almost certainly rents produced in a solid surface.

However, beside these clefts, there are much finer formations which only lately have received due attention, and these finer rills have all the aspects of river-beds. They are not straight-lined, but wind exactly as rivers wind on our maps, they fork like rivers; they are wider at one end than at the other, and one end is nearly always higher than the other. Many such fine rills have been observed and mapped lately, and Professor W. Pickering gives a list of thirty-five presumable river-beds, large, medium-sized, and very fine. However, contrary to most terrestrial rivers, the lunar river-beds—those, at least, which were observed by W. Pickering—have their wider end in their upper course, nearly always in a pear-shaped craterlet.

This circumstance offers, however, nothing extraordinary, as we know many rivers in Central Asia and South America which originate in a lake and grow thinner and thinner as they enter the arid plains. To take one illustration out of several, one such river, sixty-five miles in length with all its windings, rises in a craterlet, perhaps two thousand feet wide, but soon its valley narrows to one thousand feet, or less, and is lost in a plain. Occasionally such "rivers" occur in groups on the slopes of the mountains. Other river-beds, on the

contrary, seem to have the normal character of our rivers. One of them begins in the mountains as an extremely fine line, gradually increases in width, and, after having received a tributary, becomes a broad but shallow valley. Another bifurcates into two very fine lines in its higher part. In short, it may now be taken as certain that there are river-beds, to all appearance of aqueous origin; but they are so narrow that we should not be able to discover water-courses if they existed at the bottom of these valleys. We must be content with saying that they have been scooped out by running water.

So much having been won, the next step was naturally to ask if no traces of vegetation can be detected. On Mars, we see how every year a snow cover spreads over the circumpolar region, how later on in the season wide channels appear in it, and how the snow thaws gradually—presumably giving origin to water; even clouds have lately been seen; and we can notice, moreover, how the colouration of wide surfaces changes, probably because they are covered with vegetation, and how that colouration gradually takes a reddish yellow tint. Of course, if anything of the sort took place on our nearest neighbour, the moon, it would have been noticed long since. But it would be most unwise to maintain that nothing similar to it happens, on a much smaller scale. On the contrary, Professor Pickering shows that there are some probabilities in favour of plants of some sort or another periodically growing on the moon as well.

The great lunar circuses or craters attain, as is known, colossal dimensions; the largest of them are one hundred, and one hundred and thirty miles in diameter, and the floor of their inner parts is mostly flat. Now, Neison had already made the remark that grey, almost black, spots appear on the floor of certain craters at full moon, but disappear later on, and W. Pickering has carefully investigated several such spots during his unfortunately too short stay at Arequipa. Contrary to all expectations, they grow darker just after full moon, that is, when the sun strikes the visible part of the moon's surface in full and when it is geometrically impossible for any shadow to be visible, and they become invisible when the sun is lowest and the shadows are evidently strongest. We know, however, of no stone which would darken under the action of sunlight, and grow lighter when the sunlight fades, and, following two such authorities as Madler and Neison, Professor Pickering inclines to see the causes of those changes in vegetation.

Such spots, whose darkness varies with the sun's altitude, are not mere accidents. On the contrary, they have been found on all plains, with the exception of one, and in two plains, the Mare Tranquillitatis and Mare Nectaria, they apparently cover the whole floor, their changes being sometimes so conspicuous as to be almost visible to the naked eye. In the craters they always appear in the lower inner edges, but never on the tops of the walls, and rarely, if ever, on the outer walls. As a rule, they are coloured in dark grey, but in one case at least, one of the spots, examined with a great power, was of a "pronounced yellow colour, with perhaps a suspicion of green."

These observations, which Professor Pickering unhappily found impossible to continue under the much less propitious sky of Massachusetts, "on account of the poor quality of the seeing," are certainly very promising, the more

so as they are not isolated. For the last few years, a number of data are accumulating, all tending to prove that it was too rash to describe the moon's surface as utterly devoid of life. It appears very probable, on the contrary, that volcanic changes continue to go on on the moon's surface on a larger scale than on the earth, and that notwithstanding the most unfavourable conditions for organic life which prevail there, such life exists, be it only on a small scale. This is certainly very far from the sanguine affirmations of the last century selenographers, who wanted to see on the moon "fortifications," "national roads," and "traces of industrial activity;" such objects, if they did exist, could not be seen with our best instruments. But traces of vegetation which develops at certain periods and fades next, traces of water which runs perhaps even now, as well as indications of volcanic changes of the surface, become more and more probable in proportion as we learn to know our satellite better.

CREDIBILIA.

BY WILLIAM R. THAYER.

What care I that a larger lens
  Reveals to-night the furthest star?
What care I that the chemist kens
  The secret weft of flake and spar?

I tremble not lest while I sleep
  Some analyist, with probe or knife,
Pierce to the inmost sensual deep,
  And bare the quivering nerves of life.

I look on matter unafraid
  The springs of being there to find;
Nor dream a tool which mind has made
  Can prove that matter causes mind.

I let my fancy have its way;
  The million dewdrops on the lawn
Are worlds as wonderful as they
  Whose splendour vanish'd in the dawn.

Why talk of great or small degrees?
  Each atom babbles of the whole;
No beaded string of centuries
  Can bind the free and timeless soul.

This ball of earth whereon we float
  Infolds the forms of all the men
Born of its dust in times remote,
  And sepulchred in dust again;

Yet in what stretch of sea or land,
  Or in what cloud-belt, canst descry
    Cambridge, Mass.

The fortitude that Lincoln mann'd,
  Or Emerson's serenity?

Study each rood—canst say of it,
  "Here smiles Cervantes' humour still,
This plot of turf is Shakespeare's wit,
  This granite crag Napoleon's will?"

Thou canst not? Yet within this ball
  The coming generations sleep,
Blood, bone and sinew; here are all
  That ever into life shall leap.

But canst thou guess a single shape
  Of all the millions shapeless there,
Who with this dust their souls shall drape,
  And each in turn each atom wear?

Think not that likewise latent lie
  In any clod the hopes and fears,
The noble dream, the purpose high,
  That shall be men in distant years.

For dust is dust, and may not change;
  Its atoms are not multiplied.
Howe'er the thoughts of men may range,
  Their forms are dust, and dust abide.

The final conquests Truth shall win,
  The promise of that coming day
When perfect Love shall cast out Sin—
  Vainly you seek them in the clay!

—*The Independent.*

CITY MISSION WORK AS IT AFFECTS THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

BY THE REV. HENRY A. FISH,

Superintendent of the Fred Victor Mission, Toronto.

MR. FRED VICTOR MASSEY.*

In requesting the present contribution to The Methodist Magazine and Review, the Editor desired that a brief account of the work carried on at the Fred Victor Mission, in Toronto, should be added. It is from this point of vantage the writer has had opportunity of studying the question, but it would require one of much riper years, and far wider experience, to adequately deal with a problem which is at once so interesting and of such profound importance. Still it is possible to recount what comes under one's observation, and that is all that is proposed in the present article.

The physician usually ascertains the cause of a malady before he prescribes for the cure. In the present discussion it might be well for us to inquire into the cause of the poverty that exists in our

* The Fred Victor Mission is the monument of Mr. Fred Victor Massey. He took a deep interest in the work of the mission before its new premises were erected; and there could be no nobler memorial of a bright and beautiful young life, cut off in its early prime, than this perpetual ministry of Christian service for the suffering and the sorrowing, the Fred Victor Mission.

midst, and point out what is being done by city missions to remove them. One of our Toronto pastors recently took the pains to write to some of the large missions in New York, Chicago, and other large American cities, to inquire what percentage of the people, with whom they came in contact, were brought to poverty through liquor. In every case the average was placed at over ninety per cent. And in our own city of Toronto, with its comparatively few saloons, as compared with the above named cities, the same reply was unhesitatingly given.

It must therefore be at once evident that the radical cure for the large percentage of poverty that obtains in our midst is prohibition of the sale of strong drink. But it does not rest with our city missions to enter into the Prohibition campaign. Here the work of prevention and reformation must needs be pushed on. In connection with the work of the Fred Victor Mission, this has been made a prominent feature. Of the many branches of work engaged in, none is looked upon as being of greater importance.

With a view to "prevention," we begin with the children in the Junior Epworth League. It is around the children that the whole genius and hope of such work must ever crystallize. We know of many a life and home that has been completely reformed through the influence brought to bear upon the parents by the children. Adult temperance meetings are held weekly, in connection with which a good musical and literary programme is usually provided, after which an earnest gospel temperance address and an invitation to sign the pledge are given. Last year over 350 pledges were thus signed. Every time a drunkard is reclaimed, just so much poverty is eliminated from our midst. As long as the saloon continues, just so long will poverty remain.

Another cause of poverty in cities is the "sweating system." Time and space would fail me to tell of the miseries caused by this infamous practice. Here the mission worker can do little or nothing to relieve those who suffer from this cause. Cases have come under our notice where boys' pants were made for eleven cents per pair, lined, buttons and thread provided by the maker, and bought from the parties supplying the work. All the mission worker can do in such instances is to try and aid such people in finding more lucrative employment.

Another cause of the poverty in our midst arises from the lack of employment. Some might think this cause should have had first mention. But that it should not will appear from the fact that the large majority of people who are usually out of work two-thirds of their time, are brought to that condition through drink. Still there are a large number of honest and respectable people to be met with almost any time, who cannot find employment. The greatest service the mission worker can do for this class is to help them to help themselves. The writer knows numbers of instances where the bread-winner of the family has walked the streets in search of employment for days, and in some cases weeks, without ever being able to earn one cent. In many such cases the delicate and refined wife has had to sew, wash or scrub, just as opportunity afforded, and when this was lacking, has turned in sheer desperation from the wailing of her children for bread, to the city mission worker, to plead for food to save them from actual starvation.

Beyond assisting their present needs, which is always regulated according to the measure of the

liberality that supports the "poor fund," the mission worker can do little besides carrying on a kind of labour bureau through which odd jobs and occasionally permanent employment are secured.

But this is not sufficient. Many cases occur where the efforts of the various charitable institutions overlap. This is not always discovered in time to prevent deception, and sometimes fraud. If there was a central bureau for the benefit of the unemployed, where the missionary and benevolent institutions of our cities were represented, and where all indigent and needy cases were reported, it would not only stop the overlapping which often occurs, but would form a centre where those desiring to hire help could secure it at any time, and those out of employment, who were deserving, might secure desirable work. At the present time, in connection with the Fred Victor Mission, whenever it is possible, work of some kind, either in connection with the building or elsewhere, is demanded in return for assistance given.

Another and potent cause of the prevailing poverty is idleness. The city missionary has ample opportunity of proving that the class who were "born tired and never get rested," is a very large one. Certain conditions of society make it possible for the idler to exist. Were it not for these conditions, he would be obliged to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. There are many well disposed people who think the quickest and easiest method of getting rid of a beggar, is to give him something and be quit of him. We would say in the most emphatic and earnest manner that such people commit a sin, if they do not perpetrate a crime, against society in acting thus thoughtlessly and unwisely. As long as the idle tramp can beg a bed ticket, or procure a meal at the rear entrance, or by the profusion of his "brinies" extract a quarter from the pocket of the too tender-hearted, so long will he revel in idleness, and continue to patronize the "road" and the saloon.

The Scripture truly says that "Idleness shall clothe a man with rags." But these same rags often prove a veritable bonanza to the professional "bum," as he is designated by his confreres. He makes money out of them in two ways. Firstly, they are invaluable to him, inasmuch as they are the means of arousing on his behalf the sympathies of the unwary or too kindly disposed "lady of the house." Secondly, they are the means whereby he is often enabled to procure a new "rig out." Instead, however, of putting on and wearing the new wardrobe, he prefers to sell it to the second-hand dealer, and invest the money in "tobacco and drinks."

Here again, the efforts that lie within the power of the mission worker to exert, are decidedly limited. The present method, however, is to earnestly request that no money be given to street and door beggars—to send all cast-off clothing to the mission headquarters, where it can be looked over and properly distributed among the deserving poor. This branch of the work is usually carried on through the agency of the deaconesses, and the Mothers' Meeting department, where a nominal charge is made to preserve self-respect.

But as to the remedy required for the class under discussion. In connection with the Victor Lodging House, in every case where a ticket has been given for a night's lodging, the holder is required to work one hour. If a meal, or meals, are included in the order, then one hour's extra work for

every ten cents the order calls for is demanded. There should be some such arrangement in connection with every charity or institution where relief is given, so that in every case work must be done according to the amount of relief furnished.

One of the greatest needs to-day in all large city missions is suitable plant and space, to enable work to be offered to every applicant for

THE FRED VICTOR MISSION.

relief. When the City Council in Toronto put stone at the disposal of the Victor Lodging House Association, it was one of the most heartening sights to see the chronic idler compelled to break stone at least one hour for every bed ticket he presented, that had been given, and not otherwise earned by him.

We know of no real cure for laziness other than the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. This we endeavour to preach vigorously at all times to this class, realizing that with their sound conversion, a healthy desire for a settled and honest occupation is the invariable result.

The good accomplished by our city missions would be much greater if situations were always available for such converts. Here we find one of the severest drawbacks to such work. No man can serve Christ and remain in idleness. It is not too much to say that with the removal of the saloon from our midst, and such proper adjustment of our laws as would make the "sweating system" impossible, and a revival of commercial interests such as would provide employment for those who honestly desire it, there would be neither occasion nor cause for the continuance of poverty in our midst. The duty of Christian people then is plain. Let us

agitate for sound legislation, and suppress the pernicious practice of promiscuous almsgiving.

And now a few remarks as to the kind and extent of the work carried on by the Fred Victor Mission.

Its Home.

The magnificent building which forms the home of this mission, was the gift of the late Hart A. Massey, Esq., in memory of his youngest son, Fred Victor, whose name the work bears. The building cost over $65,000, and according to the expressed statement of the founder of such missions in the city of New York, Rev. Dr. Mingins, it is one of the handsomest and most complete in its equipment on the continent. The example thus set by the late Mr. Massey might well be followed by other of our wealthy laymen. Eternity alone will reveal the incalculable good that has been brought about through the agency of this noble institution. Many items of surpassing interest might be cited, but are beyond both the scope and extent of this article.*

Its Control and Support.

The mission is under the control of a board of management, composed as follows : The trustees of the building, viz.: Messrs. Chester D. and Walter Massey, and Mrs. John M. Treble. The pastors and one representative from each of the following churches, viz.: Metropolitan, Sherbourne, Carlton, Central, and Parliament Street, together with the Educational Secretary and Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church, the President of the Toronto Conference, representative from the Board of the Victor Lodging House Association, three representatives from the Board of Workers in the Mission, together with the Superintendent. The income of the Mission is derived from the rent of the portion of the building leased to the Lodging House Association,* which is $1,000 per annum, and the subscriptions taken up annually in each of the churches named above.

Departments of the Work.

These are five in number.

I. The Evangelistic Department embraces Junior League, Sunday-school, Bible, converts' and catechumen classes, Gospel and temperance meeting, and cottage prayer-meeting. At present, two deaconesses, assisted by voluntary workers, are engaged visiting the people and canvassing in the neighbourhood. Two more deaconesses, one of whom will be a trained nurse, are shortly to be added to the staff, in accordance with the special provision made therefor by the late Mr. Massey.

II. The Industrial Department embraces sewing class and kitchen garden class for girls, where they are practically taught all that relates to the proper care of a home; a cooking-school for girls, young women, and mothers, also a normal class for deaconesses and workers ; a flourishing savings bank, where a child can open an account with one cent, and an adult with five cents. There is at present on deposit over $2,500, divided between less than 500 depositors. We find the efforts of our Industrial Department are valuable adjuncts to the work, and intend to make them as efficacious

* We hope to present in a future number an account of the interesting work accomplished by this Association. For three months ending with March 7,585 beds have been occupied, of which 861 were work orders, for which the men had to do some work before they could occupy the bed, but the most encouraging part is that 774 obtained work through the Labour Bureau connected with the house for those who stay there. The house is kept in the very best condition, and every bed is paid for, and is guaranteed clean.

as possible in ameliorating the condition of the poor, as well as helping them at the same time to help themselves.

III. The Educational Department includes a library, reading-room, night-school, club for the young women, another for the young men, and a glee club also for the latter. Excellent work has been accomplished in each of the above named departments, and great credit is due to the persistent and earnest efforts put forth by the various workers in charge.

Physical culture, for the development of muscle, and the cultivation of cleanliness among the boys and girls of our mission, is the object kept in view by this department. In addition to an excellent gymnasium, we have separate suites of baths, which are extensively used by the young men and children of our mission, and are absolutely free to all who attend any of our various departments.

The Mercy and Help Department procures the assistance of medical men when needed, who generously give their services free. It also provides from the "poor fund" free medicine in case of need, distributes clothing, fuel and food. The "poor fund" is a separate fund from that of the mission, and is entirely dependent on voluntary subscriptions. Hundreds of deserving cases have been investigated, reported on, and helped during the past winter.

The workers are a band of devoted and conscientious men and women. The success of the work in a large measure, humanly speaking, depends upon the noble souls, who toil week in and week out among the "submerged tenth" of our city population. Many stories of heroism and self-sacrifice could be given were this a fitting opportunity. More such consecrated workers are needed—principally in the evangelical branches.

We may add that we have heard many people "thank God for the Victor Mission," and no doubt many more will do so in the future. It has, under the blessing of God, been the spiritual birth-place of scores of persons, and though it is a many-sided work that is being carried on there, designed to reach and touch and lift the whole man, yet the supreme aim and end is the salvation of souls. The work has already been richly blessed and owned of God, and it is our prayer that its future may be even more glorious in its results.

GOD'S CARE.

"Child of my love, lean hard!
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, for I fashioned it,
Poised it in my own hand and made its weight
Precisely that which I saw best for thee;
And when I placed it on thy shrinking form,
I said: 'I shall be near, and while thou leanest
On Me, this burden shall be mine, not thine.'

"So shall I keep within my circling arms
The child of my own love; here lay it down,
Nor fear to weary Him who made, upholds
And guides the universe. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough. Thy care, thy self,
Lay both on me, that I may feel my child
Reposing on my heart. Thou lovest Me?
I doubt it not; then, loving me, lean hard."

—*M. E. Pearce.*

GOLD BOOM IN CARIBOO.

BY THE REV. A. BROWNING.

IV.

There were three trails to Cariboo in the olden days. The one by Lilloet was the most mountainous, the one by Clinton the most favoured, but the one by the Bonaparte by far the most beautiful. I have travelled each one, and therefore "speak by the book." On the Lilloet route I was the most hungry; on the Clinton route I escaped death by a very narrow margin, and on the Bonaparte route I became acquainted with "Macleans." Maclean was a Scotchman, who had married a squaw, and whose sons, like most half-breeds, inherited nearly all the vices and but few of the virtues (if they had any) of their parents. One or two of his boys were hanged, and went to the scaffold dancing, and Maclean himself fell by the bullet of a Chilcoten Indian.

For dirt, squalor, and general demoralization of all surroundings, Maclean's "hotel" was the worst on the trail. Maclean's death was in this wise. A camp of white men on Bute Inlet had insulted and dishonoured some of the women of the Chilcotens. The Indians, following their own law, had avenged the disgrace of their tribe in the blood of their dishonourers, and Maclean was shot leading a posse of constables to take them prisoners.

Seven of them were taken, and they were seven of the finest-looking Indians I ever saw. I visited them at "Quesnelle Mouth," when in prison, and the problem they wanted me to solve was this: "The white men ruined our wives and daughters, dishonoured our tribe, and disgraced our homes. We killed the white men to avenge our wrongs, and prevent further damage. Now, other white men are going to hang us. What for? Answer this question, and we will listen to your talk about Jesus."

I never felt sadder in my life. They were hanged, and died as stoically as ever Indians died, but in the final settlement I say now, as I said then, I would rather a thousandfold take my place with the Indians who were hanged, than with the white men who were murdered. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

Lightning Creek was between Williams Creek and Quesnelle Mouth. I would call it Disappointment Creek, for there were more unfortunate miners there than on all the other mining creeks put together. I tramped there through fifteen miles of rain, wading part of the way through a dismal swamp. About half-way was a "hotel," where for dinner I had a "dried apple" pie, for which I paid two dollars and fifty cents.

It was night when I arrived at Lightning Creek. I was dripping wet, footsore, and tired, and like any other poor tramp, I knew of no friend nor of any house of refuge. Providentially I struck a miner whom I knew, and he took me to his cabin, full of poor fellows like himself, who were all next door to being dead broke.

For two weeks I slept on the floor with these men, ate out of the same frying-pan, and drank out of the same tin dipper, and for honest but rude hospitality they were equal to the best. I, of course, paid my share of household expenses, and was honorary chaplain of this unique brotherhood. On Sundays I preached in the

town. The public street was my church, a table from somewhere or other my pulpit, and my congregation stood all through the service. I see them now as of yore, gaunt, grimy, grizzled old-timers, and eager-eyed young fellows from the universities of the Old World and the schools of the New. But they were always attentive, and to me, as God's ambassador, uniformly kind.

One exception there was. A drunken miner, a Catholic, thought he would like to strike me down as I stood preaching. But he saw from the looks and actions of some of my congregation, that the first move on his part meant danger, and perhaps death, and he very wisely for himself retreated.

The trail from Williams to Lightning was the haunt of the cinnamon bear, an animal even more dangerous than the famous grizzly. One morning a Frenchman came into camp frightened almost to death. He had met a "cinnamon," and firing at once both barrels of his gun at it, had run to camp as fast as he could. His story was voted to be a "yarn," but there on the trail was found the dead bear. A chance shot had killed the monster, with paws such as I never saw on any bear, and I have looked on that largest of all bears, the Giant, in the Zoological Gardens at San Francisco.

I came, in the dense woods of the secluded trail, on a solitary grave. I knew what death was, for I had met it in many forms, but that grave seemed sadder than the saddest. A fine young man, a Christian, and a devoted Methodist, sat reading his Bible at the noonday rest. He and his chums were ten thousand miles from home. They sat there, lonely and discouraged, and the lad was reading to them about heaven. The trigger of a gun was accidentally touched, and in a moment the soul of the reader was welcomed to the heaven he so much loved and for which he so much longed.

Not far away there was another solitary grave. It was also the grave of an educated young man, who had died under a saloon counter, without a ray of hope or a word of prayer. Often I had warned him against drink and cards, but he died as the fool dieth, and it is a happy thing for his surviving friends that they know not how he fell.

I met on the street of a mining camp a young man, who, calling me by name, said, I heard you preach in such a Canadian town. I looked at his dissipated face, and entreated him to stop his evil ways. "No," said he, "I shall not, and I cannot if I would, and you will bury me in Cariboo." On the Saturday night following he played cards and drank until midnight. On Sunday morning he was a corpse, and on Monday I wept over his grave. Go, reader, where I have been, see what I have seen, feel what I have felt, and if you do not in your soul have a loathing hatred for the whole liquor business, you are less than a man.

There were humorous sides to life in Cariboo. I remember meeting on the Upper Fraser a Canadian whom I had heard on the lower river boasting that he could whip all the Yankees and Britishers in the world. He was pot-valiant. On the Upper Fraser I found him a prisoner. He was arrested on a mock warrant and cited for trial before a court as complete in all its details as any in Osgoode Hall. Poor, trembling wretch, he was found guilty, and condemned to a heavy fine or a long imprisonment. How he came to me with tears in his eyes, begging me to intercede for him, I well remember. He dreaded the disgrace of himself and his

friends, and the swagger and bluster of the old days had all oozed out at his finger ends. I appealed to the impromptu judge and got a respite of sentence, and the poor wretch was gladdened with a large collection and a lesson on good manners he has never forgotten.

Once a ghost greatly troubled the miners of Camerontown. Footsteps in the snow were found every morning on the hill above the town. Smooth the snow as they would at night, the fresh marks were there in the morning. A watch was set for the ghost, and in the dark hours of the night they saw a good Presbyterian minister walk up the hill, pace to and fro for an hour, and then march down again. It was his way of taking exercise, and his name was ever after associated with the Camerontown ghost.

We had lectures, too, and I lectured, among other things, on Stonewall Jackson. It was a ticklish subject, for the Civil War was raging, and there were many, both Northerners and Southerners, in camp. I was asked to repeat that lecture, but refused, for I had heard whispers of trouble. But these Americans were law-abiding men on the whole, and had a very salutary dread of Judge Begbie, the Jeffreys of the Columbia bench in sternness, without the badness of that execrated man.

Once I remember a mining camp of Americans raiding a town, and carrying the magistrate away with them a prisoner. Col. Moody and a company of Royal Engineers were sent to arrest the rioters. The Americans provided a big dinner, with lots of champagne, and invited the colonel and his staff to it. Then an American judge of the party made a speech of the "blood-is-thicker-than-water" kind, and the whole affair ended with cheers for the Queen. That judge had shot a newspaper editor in San Francisco, and went back there to be shot himself. He was not clever enough after all to shoot first.

I began my purposely desultory paper with the Bonaparte trail. In closing let me say that I rode for four days or more on that trail through as lovely a country as ever sun shone on—lakes and rivers full of salmon, speckled trout, and white fish, prairies crowded with grouse and prairie chicken, and the land, wherever cultivated, producing abundantly. Homes for future millions are there, without the trials and life labours which have made many of our Ontario pioneers prematurely old.

I lived eleven years and a half in British Columbia. I saw as much of it as most men, living or dead, and I have ever stood up for it, even when great and mighty men have treated it with scorn. My reward has come, but it is only the morning dawn. The full day will appear, radiant with light, and British Columbia will be the brightest of the constellation of provinces which constitute the New Britain of the Western hemisphere. I have faintly sketched in these papers one side of pioneering in that province. I am thankful for many kind words of appreciation. In some future numbers I may deal with other sides of our work not less interesting than the Gold Boom in Cariboo.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Well," said Phillip, slowly, as he seemed to grasp the meaning of his wife's words, "to tell the truth, I never thought of that!" He sat down and looked troubled. "Do you think, Sarah, that because he is a negro the church will refuse to receive him to membership? It would not be Christian to refuse him."

"There are other things that are Christian which the Church of Christ on earth does not do, Phillip," replied his wife, almost bitterly. "But whatever else Calvary Church may do or not do, I am very certain it will never consent to admit to membership a black man."

"But there are so few negroes in Milton that they have no church. Calvary Church must admit him!" Phillip spoke with the quiet determination which always marked his convictions when they were settled.

"But suppose the committee refuses to report his name favourably to the church,—what then?" Mrs. Strong spoke with a gleam of hope in her heart that Phillip would be roused to such indignation that he would resign and leave Milton.

Phillip did not reply at once. He was having an inward struggle with his sensitiveness and his interpretation of his Christ. At last he said:

"I don't know, Sarah. I shall do what I think He would. What I shall do afterwards, that will also depend on what Christ would do. In the matter of the sexton, Sarah, —wouldn't Christ tell Calvary Church that it should admit him to its membership? Would he make any distinction of persons? If the man is a Christian, thoroughly converted, and wants to be baptized and unite with Christ's body on earth, would Christ as pastor refuse him admission?"

"There is a great deal of race prejudice among the people. If you press the matter, Phillip, I feel sure it will meet with great opposition."

"That is not the question with me. Would Christ tell Calvary Church that the man ought to be admitted? That is the question. I believe He would," added Phillip, with his sudden grasp of practical action. And Mrs. Strong knew that settled it with her husband.

It was the custom in Calvary Church for the church committee on new names for membership to meet at the minister's house on the Monday evening preceding the preparatory service. At that service all names presented to the committee were formally acted upon by the church. The committee's action was generally considered final, and the voting by the church was in accordance with the committee's report.

So when the committee came in that evening following the Sunday that had witnessed the conversion of the sexton, Phillip had ready a list of names, including those of several young men. It was a very precious list to him. It seemed almost for the first time since he came to Milton that the growing opposition to him was about to be checked, and finally submerged beneath a power of the Holy Spirit, which it was Phillip's daily prayer might come and do the

work which he alone could not do. That was one reason he had borne the feeling against himself so calmly.

Phillip read the list over to the committee, saying something briefly about nearly all the applicants for membership and expressing his joy that the young men especially were coming into the church family. When he reached the sexton's name he related, simply, the scene with him after the morning service.

There was an awkward pause then. The committee was plainly astonished. Finally one said, "Brother Strong, I'm afraid the church will object to receiving the sexton. What is his name?"

"Henry Roland."

"Why, he has been sexton of Calvary Church for ten years," said another, an older member of the committee, Deacon Stearns by name. "He has been an honest, capable man. I never heard any complaint of him. He has always minded his own business. However, I don't know how the church will take it to consider him as an applicant for membership."

"Why, brethren, how can it take it in any except the Christian way?" said Phillip, eagerly. "Here is a man who gives evidence of being born again. He cannot be present to-night when the other applicants come in later, owing to work he must do, but I can say for him that he gave all evidence of a most sincere and thorough conversion; he wishes to be baptized; he wants to unite with the church. He is of more than average intelligence. He is not a person to thrust himself into places where people do not want him,—a temperate, industrious, modest, quiet workman, a Christian believer asking us to receive him at the communion table of our Lord. There is no church of his own people here. On what possible pretext can the church refuse to admit him?"

"You do not know some of the members of Calvary Church, Mr. Strong, if you ask such a question. There is a very strong prejudice against the negro in many families. This prejudice is specially strong just at this time, owing to several acts of depredation committed by the negroes living down near the railroad tracks. I don't believe it would be wise to present this name just now." Deacon Stearns appeared to speak for the committee, all of whom murmured assent in one form or another.

"And yet," said Phillip, roused to a sudden heat of indignation, "and yet what is Calvary Church doing to help make those men down by the railroad tracks any better? Are we concerned about them at all except when our coal or wood or clothing is stolen, or some one is held up down there? And when one of them knocks at the door of the church, can we calmly shut it in his face simply because the good God made it a different colour from ours?" Phillip stopped and then finished by saying very quietly, "Brethren, do you think Christ would receive this man into His Church?"

There was no reply for a moment. Then Deacon Stearns answered, "Brother Strong, we have to deal with humanity as it is. You cannot make people all over. This prejudice exists and sometimes we may have to respect it in order to avoid greater trouble. I know families in the church who will certainly withdraw if the sexton is voted in as a member. And still," said the old deacon, with a sigh, "I believe Christ would receive him into His Church."

Before much more could be said, the different applicants came, and as the custom was, after a brief talk with them about their purpose in uniting and their dis-

cipleship, they withdrew and the committee formally acted on the names for presentation to the church. The name of Henry Roland, the sexton, was finally reported unfavourably, three of the committee voting against it, Deacon Stearns at last voting with the minister to present the sexton's name with the others.

"Now, brethren," said Phillip, with a sad smile, as they rose to go, "you know I have always been very frank in all our relations together. And I am going to present the sexton's name to the church Thursday night and let the church vote on it in spite of the action here to-night. You know we have only recommending power. The church is the final authority. And it may accept or reject any names we present. I cannot rest satisfied until I know the verdict of the church in the matter."

"Brother Strong," said one of the committee, who had been opposed to the sexton, "you are right as to the extent of our authority. But there is no question in my mind as to the outcome of the matter. It is a question of expediency. I do not have any feeling against the sexton. But I think it would be very unwise to receive him into membership, and I do not believe the church will receive him. If you present the name, you do so on your own responsibility."

"With mine," said Deacon Stearns. He was the last to shake hands with the minister, and his warm, strong clasp gave Phillip a sense of fellowship that thrilled him with a feeling of courage and companionship very much needed. He at once went up to his study after the committee was gone. Mrs. Strong, coming up to see him later, found him as she often did now, on his knees in prayer. Ah, thou follower of Jesus in this century, what but thy prayers shall strengthen thy soul in the strange days to come?

Thursday evening was stormy. A heavy rain had set in before dark, and a high wind blew great sheets of water through the streets and rattled loose boards and shingles about the tenements. Phillip would not let his wife go out; it was too stormy. So he went his way alone, somewhat sorrowful at heart as he contemplated the prospect of a small attendance on what he had planned should be an important occasion.

However, some of the best members of the church were out. The very ones that were in sympathy with Phillip and his methods were in the majority of those present, and that led to an unexpected result when the names of the applicants for membership came before the church for action.

Phillip read the list approved by the committee and then very simply but powerfully told the sexton's story and the refusal of the committee to recommend him for membership.

"Now, I do not see how we can shut this disciple of Jesus out of His Church," concluded Phillip. "And I wish to present him to this church for its action. He is a Christian; he needs our help and our fellowship; and as Christian believers, as disciples of the Man of all the race, as those who believe that there is to be no distinction of souls hereafter that shall separate them by prejudice, I hope you will vote to receive this brother in Christ to our membership."

The voting on new members was done by ballot. When the ballots were all in and counted it was announced that all whose names were presented were unanimously elected except the sexton. There were twelve votes against him, but twenty-six for him, and Phillip declared that according to the con-

stitution of the church he was duly elected. The meeting then went on in the usual manner characteristic of preparatory service. The sexton had been present in the back part of the room, and at the close of the meeting, after all the rest had gone, he and Phillip had a long talk with each other. When Phillip reached home he and Sarah had another long talk on the same subject. What that was we cannot tell until we come to record the events of the Communion Sunday, a day that stood out in Phillip's memory like one of the bleeding palms of the Master, pierced with sorrow but eloquent with sacrifice.

The day was beautiful, and the church as usual crowded to the doors. There was a feeling of hardly concealed excitement on the part of Calvary Church. The action of Thursday night had been sharply criticised. Very many thought Phillip had gone beyond his right in bringing such an important subject before so small a meeting of the members ; and the prospect of the approaching baptism and communion of the sexton had drawn in a crowd of people who ordinarily stayed away from that service.

Phillip generally had no preaching on Communion Sunday. This morning he remained on the platform after the opening services, and in a stillness which was almost painful in its intensity, he began to speak in a low but clear and impressive voice.

" Fellow-disciples of the Church of Christ on earth, we meet to celebrate the memory of that greatest of all beings, who on the eve of his own greatest agony prayed that His disciples might all be one. In that prayer He said nothing about colour or race or difference of speech or social surroundings. His prayer was that His disciples might all be one,—one in their aims, their purposes, their sympathy, their faith, their hope, their love.

" An event has happened in this church very recently which makes it necessary for me to say these words. The Holy Spirit came into this room last Sunday and touched the hearts of several young men who gave themselves then and here to the Lord Jesus Christ. Among the men was one of another race from the Anglo-Saxon. He was a black man. His heart was melted by the same love, his mind illuminated by the same truth, he desired to make confession of his belief, be baptized according to the commands of Jesus, and unite with this church as a humble disciple of the lowly Nazarene. His name was presented with the rest at the regular committee meeting last Monday, and that committee, by a vote of three to two, refused to present his name with recommendations for membership. On my own responsibility at the preparatory service Thursday night I asked the church to act upon this disciple's name. There was a regular quorum of the church present. By a vote of 26 to 12 the applicant for membership was received according to the rules of this church.

" But after that meeting the man came to me and said that he was unwilling to unite with the church knowing that some objected to his membership. It was a natural feeling for him to have. We had a long talk over the matter. Since then I have learned that if a larger representation of members had been present at preparatory meeting, there is a possibility that the number voting against receiving the applicant would have been much larger than those who voted for him.

" Under all these circumstances I have deemed it my duty to say what I have thus far said, and to

ask the church to take the action I now propose. We are met here this morning in full membership. Here is a soul just led out of the darkness by the Spirit of truth. He is one known to many of you as an honest, worthy man, for many years faithful in the discharge of his duties in this house. There is no Christian reason why he should be denied fellowship around this table. I wish therefore to ask the members of the church to vote again on the acceptance or rejection of Henry Roland, disciple of Jesus, who has asked for admission to this body of Christ in His name. Will all those in favour of thus receiving our brother into the great family of faith signify it by raising the right hand ?"

For a moment not a person in the church stirred. Every one seemed smitten into astonished inaction by the sudden proposal of the minister. Then hands began to go up. Phillip counted them, his heart beating with anguish as he foresaw the coming result. He waited a moment, it seemed to many like several minutes, and then said, " All those opposed to the admission of the applicant signify it by the same sign."

Again there was the same significant, reluctant pause. Then hands went up in numbers that almost doubled those who had voted in favour of admission. From the gallery on the sides, where several of Phillip's workingmen friends sat, a hiss arose. It was slight, but heard by the entire congregation. Phillip glanced up there and it instantly ceased.

Without another word he stepped down from the platform and began to read the list of those who had been received into church-membership. He had reached the end of it when the person whose name was called last rose from his seat near the front, where all the newly received members usually sat together, and turning partly around so as to face the congregation and still address Phillip, he said :

" Mr. Strong, I do not feel, after what has taken place here this morning, that I could unite with this church. This man who has been excluded from church-membership is the son of a woman born into slavery on the estate of one of my relatives. That slave woman once nursed her master through a terrible illness and saved his life. This man, her son, was then a little child. But in the strange changes that have gone on since the war, the son of the old master has been reduced to poverty and obliged to work for a living. He is now in this town. He is this very day lying upon a dying bed in the tenement district. And this black man has for several weeks out of his small earnings helped the son of his mother's old master and cared for him through his illness with all the devotion of a friend. I have only lately learned these facts. But knowing them as I do and believing that he is as worthy to sit about this table as any Christian here, I cannot reconcile the rejection with my own purpose to unite here. I therefore desire to withdraw my application for membership. Mr. Strong, I desire to be baptized and partake of the communion as a disciple of Christ, not as a member of Calvary Church. Can I do so ?"

Phillip replied in a choking voice, " You can." The man sat down. It was not the place for any demonstration, but again from the gallery came a slight but distinct noise of applause. As before, it instantly subsided when Phillip looked up. For a moment every one held his breath and waited for the minister's action. Phillip's face was pale and stern. What his sensitive nature suffered

in that moment no one ever knew, not even his wife, who almost started from her seat fearing that he was about to faint. For a moment there was a hesitation about Phillip's manner so unusual with him that some thought he was going to leave the church. But he quickly called on his will to assert its power, and taking up the regular communion service he calmly took charge of it as if nothing out of the way had occurred. He did not even allude to the morning's incident in his prayers. Whatever else the people might think of Phillip, they certainly could find no fault with his self-possession. His conduct of the service on that memorable Sunday was admirable.

When it was over he was surrounded by many who had taken part either for or against the sexton. There was much said about the matter. But all the arguments and excuses and comments on the affair could not remove the heart-ache from Phillip. He could not reconcile the action of the church with the spirit of the church's Master, Jesus; and when he reached home and calmly reviewed the events of the morning he was more and more grieved for the church. It seemed to him that a great mistake had been made, and that Calvary Church had disgraced the name of Christianity.

As he had been in the habit of doing since he moved into the neighbourhood of the tenements, Phillip went out in the afternoon to visit the sick and troubled. The shutting down of the mills had resulted in an immense amount of suffering and trouble. As spring came on some few of the mills had opened, and men had found work in them at a reduction of wages. The entire history of the enforced idleness of thousands of men in Milton during that eventful winter would make a large volume of thrilling narrative. Phillip's story but touches on this other. He had grown rapidly familiar with the different phases of life which loafed and idled and drank itself away during that period of inaction. Hundreds of men had drifted away to other places in search of work. Almost as many more had taken to the road to swell the ever-increasing number of professional tramps, and in time to develop into petty thieves and criminals. But those who remained had a desperate struggle with poverty. Phillip grew sick at heart as he went among the people and saw the complete helplessness, the utter estrangement of sympathy and community of feeling between the church people and the representatives of the physical labour of the world. Every time he went out to do his visiting this feeling deepened in him. This Sunday afternoon in particular it seemed to him that the depression and discouragement of the tenement district weighed on him like a great burden, bearing him down to the earth with sorrow and heart-ache.

It had been his custom to go out on Communion Sunday with the emblems of Christ to observe the rite by the bedsides of the aged or ill, or with those who could not get out to church. He carried with him this time a basket containing a part of the communion service. After going to the homes of one or two invalid church-members, he thought of the person who had been mentioned by the man in the morning as living in the tenement district and in a critical condition. He had secured his address and after a little inquiry he soon found himself in a part of the tenements new to him.

He climbed up three flights of stairs and knocked at the door. It

was opened by the sexton. He greeted Phillip with glad surprise.

The minister smiled sadly.

"So, my brother, it is true you are serving your Master here? My heart is grieved at the action of the church this morning."

"Don't say anything, Mr. Strong. You did all you could. But you are just in time to see him." The sexton pointed into a small back room. "He is going fast. I didn't suppose he was so near. I would have asked you to come, but did not think he was failing so."

Phillip followed the sexton into the room. The son of the old slave-master was sinking rapidly. He was conscious, however, and at Phillip's quiet question concerning his peace with God, a smile passed over his face and he moved his lips. Phillip understood him. A sudden thought occurred to Phillip. He opened his basket, took out the bread and wine, set them on the table and said:

"Disciple of Jesus, would you like to partake of the blessed communion once more before you see the King in his glory?"

The gleam of satisfaction in the man's eyes told Phillip enough. The sexton said in a low voice, "He belonged to the Southern Episcopal Church in Virginia." Something in the wistful look of the sexton gave Phillip an inspiration for what followed.

"Brother," he said, turning to the sexton, "what is to hinder your baptism and partaking of the communion? Yes, this is Christ's Church wherever his true disciples are."

Then the sexton brought a basin of water; and as he kneeled down by the side of the bed, Phillip baptized him with the words, "I baptize thee, Henry, disciple of Jesus, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost! Amen."

"Amen," murmured the man on the bed.

Then Phillip, still standing as he was, bowed his head, saying, "Blessed Lord Jesus, accept these children of thine, bless this new disciple, and unite our hearts in love for thee and thy kingdom as we remember thee now in this service."

He took the bread and said: "'Take, eat. This is my body, broken for you.' In the name of the Master who said these words, eat, remembering his love for us."

The dying man could not lift his hand to take the bread from the plate. Phillip gently placed a crumb between his lips, and then taking up the cup, he said: "In the name of the Lord Jesus, this cup is the new testament in His blood shed for all mankind for the remission of sins." He carried the cup to the lips of the man and then gave to the sexton. The smile on the dying man's face died out. The gray shadow of the last enemy was projected into the room from the setting sun of death's approaching twilight. The son of the old slave-master was going to meet the mother of the man who was born into the darkness of slavery, but born again into the light of God. Perhaps, perhaps, he thought, who knows but the first news he would bring to her would be the news of that communion? Certain it is that his hand moved vaguely over the blanket. It slipped over the edge of the bed and fell upon the bowed head of the sexton and remained there as if in benediction. And so the shadow deepened, and at last it was like unto nothing else known to the sons of men on earth, and the spirit leaped out of its clay tenement with the breath of the communion wine still on the lips of the frail, perishable body.

Phillip reverently raised the arm

and laid it on the bed. The sexton rose, and while the tears rolled over his face he gazed long into the countenance of the son of his old master. No division of race now. No false and selfish prejudice here. Come! Let the neighbours of the dead come in to do the last sad offices to the casket. For the soul of this disciple is in mansions of glory, and it shall hunger no more, neither shall the darkness of death ever again smite it; for it shall live forever in the light of that Lamb of God who gave himself for the remission of sins and the life everlasting.

Phillip did what he could on such an occasion. It was not an altogether unusual event; he had prayed by many a poor creature in the clutch of the last enemy, and he was familiar with the enemy's face in the tenements. But this particular scene had a meaning and left an impression different from any he had known before. When finally he was at liberty to go home for a little rest before the evening service he found himself more than usually tired and sorrowful. Mrs. Strong noticed it as he came in. She made him lie down and urged him to give up his evening service.

"No, no, Sarah! I can't do that! I am prepared; I must preach! I'll get a nap and then I'll feel better," he said.

Mrs. Strong shook her head, but Phillip was determined. He slept a little, ate a little lunch, and when the time of service came he went up to the church again. As his habit was, just before the hour of beginning, he went into the little room at the side of the platform to pray by himself. When he came out and began the service no one could have told from his manner that he was suffering physically. Even Mrs. Strong, who watched him anxiously, felt relieved to see how quiet and composed he was.

He had commenced his sermon and had been preaching with great eloquence for ten minutes, when he felt a strange dizziness and a pain in his side that made him catch his breath and clutch the side of the pulpit to keep from falling. It passed away and he went on. It was only a slight hesitation and no one remarked anything out of the way. For five minutes he spoke with increasing power and feeling. The church was filled. It was very quiet. Suddenly without any warning he threw up his arms, uttered a cry of half-suppressed agony, and then fell over backward. A thrill of excitement ran through the audience. For a moment no one moved; then every one rose. The men in the front pews rushed up to the platform. Mrs. Strong was already there. Phillip's head was raised. His old friend the surgeon was in the crowd and he at once examined him. He was not dead, and the doctor at once directed the proper steps for his removal from the church. As he was being carried out into the air he revived and was able to speak.

"Take me home," he whispered to his wife, who hung over him in a terror as great as her love for him at that moment. A carriage was called and he was taken home. The doctor remained until Phillip was fully conscious.

"It was very warm and I was very tired and I fainted, eh, doctor? First time I ever did such a thing in my life. I am ashamed; I spoiled the service." Phillip uttered this slowly and feebly when at last he had recovered enough to know where he was

The doctor looked at him suspiciously. "You never fainted before, eh? Well, if I were you I would take care not to faint again. Take good care of him,

Mrs. Strong. He needs rest. Milton could spare a dozen bad men like me better than one like the Dominie."

"Doctor!" cried Mrs. Strong, in sudden fear, "what is the matter? Is this serious?"

"Not at all. But men like your husband are in need of watching. Take good care of him."

"Good care of him! Doctor, he will not mind me! I wanted him to stay at home to-night, but he wouldn't."

"Then put a chain and padlock on him and hold him in!" growled the surgeon. He prescribed a medicine and went away assuring Mrs. Strong that Phillip would feel much better in the morning.

The surgeon's prediction came true. Phillip found himself weak the next day, but able to get about. In reply to numerous calls of inquiry for the minister Mrs. Strong was able to report that he was much better. About eleven o'clock when the postman called, Phillip was in his study lying on his lounge.

His wife brought up two letters. One of them was from his old chum; he read that first. He then laid it down and opened the other.

At that moment Mrs. Strong was called downstairs by a ring at the door. When she had answered it she came upstairs again.

As she came into the room she was surprised at the queer look on Phillip's face. Without a word he handed her the letter he had just opened, and with the same look watched her face as she read it.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEPUTATION.

According to arrangements, Seth Roberts convened the meeting to discuss the squire's refusal to sell the land for the people to build their chapel upon. At the outset the fireman was elected chairman and Stephen Harris secretary. Then followed a long and stormy meeting, the details of which do not concern this narrative. Sufficient to record that, in the course of the two and a half hours which the meeting occupied, much plain speaking was indulged in and very much angry feeling manifested, while it took all the chairman's tact and skill, though ably assisted by the sober counsels of old Moses Watkins, to restrain the younger and ardent spirits, who had mustered to the meeting in great force, and bursting with righteous indignation, from carrying by an overwhelming majority a resolution pledging the meeting to severe measures. The result of it all, however, was this. By an almost unanimous vote the meeting agreed to send a courteously worded letter to Squire Trethyn, requesting him to receive a deputation upon the troublous question, and then it was adjourned to wait the squire's reply.

Without an hour's delay Stephen Harris, the secretary, sent the letter to the squire, signed by Seth Roberts as chairman and himself as secretary. But a whole week passed away and no answer was received. Those who had advo-

cated extreme action now began to taunt the others with disregarding their advice, emphatically declaring at the same time that it was only by the adoption of their methods that the squire would be brought to his senses. Another, and yet another week passed, and still no answer was received, and the affair, at first only quietly bruited about, was quickly becoming one of general interest; and at length the chafing at the squire's stubborn silence caught the ear of the whole town, and the talk of it was in everybody's mouth.

"I'm not one of your religious men," said Rake Swinton one morning to Jehu Morris, as he met him at the mouth of the pit, "but I'm for freedom for all men alike. It's plain the squire hates Dissent, an' he's doin' all he can to scotch it. You fellows should go to him and demand an answer to your letter. If he treated me like he's treating you chaps he'd hear of it, and quickly too, I'll be bound. But you fellows who profess religion are always so meek and fawnin'. Does religion tak' the man out o' ye? Hast none of your people any spirit left?"

Jehu Morris' face burned with indignation as he listened to Rake Swinton's sneers—indignation, not at Rake, but at the squire's conduct.

"Mebbe it's all true as ye says, lad," he answered, "and mebbe it's not. But I'll tell you what I think is likely to be true. Some folks imagine that the spirit's taken out o' a man when he's convarted, but such folks may yet live to find they be mightily mistaken."

There was a threat in the words which was not lost upon the profligate Rake, and which, long years afterwards, he was destined to recall with terror.

Yet another week passed away, and still no answer came from the squire. The chapel folk were murmuring loudly, and Stephen Harris, to appease them, sought out Seth Roberts, and advised him as to his intention of calling another meeting.

"Before you do so," said Seth, "don't you think it would be well to see Mr. Grainger about it?"

"I will do so, if you think any good can come of it," replied Stephen Harris; "but I'm afraid it'll be useless."

"Never mind that," urged Seth; "let us exhaust every conciliatory effort we can before we resolve upon taking harsher measures."

"Let us both go and interview the agent," said Stephen Harris presently. Seth Roberts thought a moment, and then said:

"Very well; p'raps it will be best. In such cases it is always advisable to have a witness present."

Thus agreed, the two men separated to their work, but in the evening they went together through the parish towards Stephen Grainger's house, a large freestone building standing at the entrance to Trethyn Park, and for years set apart as the residence of the squire's agent.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" agreeably asked Stephen Grainger, as he opened the door to Seth's knock.

"We have come to see you," began Seth, "upon a matter of business, and we would like to see you privately for a few minutes."

"Business!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger, rubbing the palms of his hands together and raising his eyebrows in feigned astonishment. "Why, gentlemen, you can't surely mean what you say. This is my home, you know, and not my office. Why do you come here?"

His manner was ultra-courteous, and his voice low and suppressed, while his words ran as smoothly as oil from his false mouth.

"Really, really, gentlemen," he

said, "I'm more than surprised. You can't surely expect me to turn my home into an office. If you do, I certainly decline to oblige you. Come to me in the morning, and I shall be happy to do what I can for you."

Stephen Harris murmured something about their being constantly at work during the daytime, and that night was the only convenient time they had at their disposal.

"That's rather unfortunate," leered the agent; "but of course that's not my fault, and you can scarcely expect me to make your time my time. As to a convenient time, any hour of the day is convenient to me, but no other time. So good-night, gentlemen. Come and see me in the morning."

Seth Roberts and his companion were both plainly annoyed. It was with great difficulty that the former could find his voice. When he did he spoke solemnly and measuredly.

"Our business is urgent and serious," he said, "and can brook no delay. We are only the mouthpieces of several hundred others, and unless you give ear to it now you will not be consulted about it on the morrow. Our people have been trifled with long enough, and they will not stand another insult. We're here to consult you. If you listen to us, well; if not, then they will act for themselves."

"Ah!" drawled Grainger, with palpable affectation, "have you come on that chapel business?"

"We have," answered Stephen Harris.

"Indeed!" said the agent; only a little word, but he managed to throw into the expression of it an amount of malice which completely astounded the two friends.

"Yes," said Seth, "that's just what we have come about. We want you to—"

"How very unreasonable," interrupted Grainger with assumed indignation. "You want me to do something for you. Surely you forget that I'm Squire Trethyn's agent, and not your servant."

"We have no wish to use you as you suggest," replied Stephen Harris, "but you could greatly assist us to—"

"There you are again!" cried Grainger. "You must not command me. I cannot serve two masters, you know."

"But if you would use your influence—" Seth was beginning to say, when Grainger again interrupted him.

"Against Squire Trethyn?" he queried, with a sickly smile. "Really, gentlemen—really, gentlemen, you're too expecting."

"It would be to Squire Trethyn's interest to sell us the land," spoke Stephen Harris.

"Doubtless," said Grainger, amiably; "but you see he won't, and that's an end of it."

"Have you any objections to our having it?" asked Stephen Harris.

"Me? Certainly not, gentlemen," he replied readily, and with great plausibility; "certainly not. I should be glad to see you have it to-morrow."

The two men were puzzled. Grainger was an enigma to them. Sometimes they thought him cruel, at other times sympathetic. They did not know what to make of him.

"If that be the case," said Seth presently, "would you, in your official capacity, advise the squire to sell us the land?"

"No," answered the agent; "Squire Trethyn never alters his word, and it has already gone forth. It would be useless to do so."

"To sell us the land," said Stephen Harris, "would save a good deal of strife—strife and—and—and—"

"Bloodshed," supplied the im-

perturbable agent, noticing Stephen's hesitancy. "Well, now, you see, gentlemen, you and I may use that word in a different sense. You see, I may think a little blood-letting to be a good thing in itself, and you may not. At all events, it is plain that the land is over-populated, and that if there were less people upon it it would be beneficial for those who were left. And you may be sure," and here his tone assumed that of menace, "that it will neither be my blood nor Squire Trethyn's that will be shed when the blood-shedding time comes. I guess it will be a case of the survival of the fittest."

"Mr. Grainger!" exclaimed the fireman sternly, "you're trifling with us."

"Nay," replied the agent, "I am not. Let me assure you of that. I am speaking to you words of sober wisdom, and am endeavouring to convey to you a hint of what your people may expect if they show off any of their nasty tempers. Depend upon it, the squire will stand no nonsense. He has heard of your secret meeting and what not, and he is determined to show no mercy—"

"Come, Seth," cried Stephen Harris, at the same time drawing the fireman away, "we have had enough of this. You see which way the wind blows, and to stay here longer is only to court fresh insult. But, Stephen Grainger, remember this—it may be the squire and your evil self that'll be in need of mercy yet, and though you go down on your knees and beg it you may not find it."

"Very well," said the exasperating agent, "I'll make a note of it," and then turned on his heel, went into the house, and banged the door after him.

Next night Seth Roberts and Stephen Harris reported the state of affairs to the chapel people. Each spoke quietly and seriously, amidst the dead silence of the meeting. When they had finished a long pause ensued, during which each member seemed to be weighing the words which had been uttered, and all seemed to be duly impressed with the great crisis that had come upon them. But soon Jehu Morris spoke.

"This is not a time for wasting words," he said, "in declaring what we all feel, and are agreed upon—just indignation towards the squire because of his treatment of us, and righteous anger towards that scoundrel, Stephen Grainger. We've not come here to talk, but to resolve and to act. The turning-point has come in this affair. Either we will win or lose, and it is now that the victory on the one side or the other will be declared. On which side is it to be? If on the other side, mark my words, we are in for a spell of oppression and persecution. If we show the white feather, if we are weak and faltering, we shall have to pay the penalty for our cowardice. But if we are brave we shall win, and shall be respected.

"Now, someone may tell me that we cannot force the squire to sell us that miserable patch of land; but, friends, we can be answered. Though we be Squire Trethyn's workmen, we expect courtesy. I should like to know where the squire would be if it were not for us? Supposing we struck work, where would he be? Why, it would cost him thousands and thousands. Our lives no more depend upon the squire's money and goodwill than his does upon our labour, and we are as necessary to him as he is to us, and p'raps more so."

The orator paused to note the effect of his words, and there arose a murmur of applause from the younger men.

"But, friends, there are wheels

within wheels," continued Jehu, "and that bombastic Grainger is the hidden wheel which turns all the others. Now, what do I propose? I say we must demand an audience from the squire, and get a clear answer from him. The town is with us. We are not alone in this matter. Only the other morning, as I was going to work, I discovered that; and my advice is, stir in this matter while the town is with us."

How much further Jehu would have proceeded it would have been difficult to guess if he had not suddenly come to a full-stop. It was peculiar and notorious of Jehu Morris' oratory that it was spoken from impulse and at a white heat, and that after the first few passionate expressions his eloquence fell flat, and he laboured painfully. It was so now. He had hotly expressed the surgings of his soul, and he incontinently sat down, flushed and panting.

"What does Hugh Carter say?" asked the chairman.

Hugh Carter, thus appealed to, shifted uneasily in his seat, took out from his breast-pocket a large red-coloured handkerchief, with which he slowly wiped his bald head, gave a little cough, gravely shook his head, and then said in a voice of apprehension and awe:

"Dunno; we be in a summat delicate position, an' I can only pray the great God that we may be guided to do that which is right."

"Them's my sentiments," said old Moses Watkins, "but at the same time, I cannot help feeling that things be come to a pretty pass, and that now we should get some satisfaction one way or the other. You see, we have the subscriptions in hand towards the purchase. What are we to do with them? If we cannot buy we must return them, that's all I can see for it."

"I've got a proposition to make," said Jehu, jumping to his feet again, and holding a piece of paper in his hand; "shall I be allowed to do so, Mr. Chairman?"

"Yes, go on," said Seth, amidst the approving cries of the young men.

"It is this, then," said Jehu, reading from the paper. "I propose that a deputation be sent to the squire—"

"Hear! hear!" cried Stephen Harris; "I'll second that."

"One moment," pleaded Jehu, holding up his hand: "'consisting of not less than one hundred men selected from our congregation. That these hundred men march in one solid body to the Manor and demand an audience with the squire.' You see, friends," explained Jehu, "that will look like business."

Jehu sat down again, his face more flushed than before, and strongly indicative of the fighting spirit at work within him.

"Do you second that, Stephen?" asked the chairman.

"I should first of all like to ask whether this meeting considers the matter a feasible one?" queried Stephen. "Can we get together a hundred men?"

"Ay, five hundred, if necessary," cried Jehu.

"It seems a good deal," mused Stephen, who, though often as fiery as Jehu, was always a more cautious man.

"Here," exclaimed Joe Williams, springing to his feet, "I'll second it."

"Any amendment?" queried the chairman.

No one answered.

"Well, friends," said Seth after a pause, "before I put the resolution to the meeting I should just like to say that I consider it highly important that we should be unanimous. If we agree with Jehu's motion, let us all boldly vote for it;

if we disagree, it would be better that we be unanimous in rejecting it."

"I think, Mr. Chairman," said Stephen Harris, "that we're all bound to vote for it. There is no other resolution before us, and we be all anxious to do summat in this matter. I, for one, be for it. But what I should like to say is this, in voting for it, I hope we all understand that it pledges each one of us to form a part of the deputation, and that there must be no hanging back."

"Hear, hear," cried several voices, and Stephen's words seemed echoed by all. The chairman then put the resolution, and the meeting voted for it solemnly and unanimously.

With such an energetic secretary as Stephen Harris, ably abetted and urged on by Jehu Morris, a very few days sufficed for making the preliminary arrangements for the deputation to the Manor, and but little difficulty was experienced in getting together a hundred earnest and resolute men. But it was evident from the first that the deputation would not proceed to the Manor alone, and that hundreds of outsiders would accompany it at least as far as the park gates. This gave the chapel folk confidence, and by the following Friday evening everything was ready to put their resolution into practice.

"I'm very much afraid," said Rhoda to her father, as he was about to leave the house to join the deputation at its starting-place, "that it'll be the cause of trouble. I don't like the idea of it, father. It looks too much like coercion."

"It's a strong move, I'll admit," answered Seth, "but it's necessary, my dear, it's necessary, and only a strong move such as this can do any good with the squire. We be goin' to show him that we be men, an' that we've got a right to be heard."

"I would rather," said Rhoda, "that our people abandoned the wish for the land altogether than this."

"Well, well, Rhoda," said her father, "the thing is resolved upon now, and it must be carried out. I wonder does Squire Trethyn know of our intention?"

"I should think not," replied Rhoda. "Mr. Grainger came into school this morning and did not mention it."

"Which he certainly would have done," said Seth, "had it reached his ears or the squire's, for he is in the squire's confidence."

An hour afterwards, Rhoda, glancing through her bedroom window, saw the procession go by on its way to the Manor. The deputation, a hundred strong, walked four abreast, a solid and compact body, while hundreds of men, women and children followed it cheering loudly. Rhoda's heart failed within her, and when it had gone by she sank down on her knees and prayed earnestly and with tears that no harm might come of it.

Dusk was gathering when the deputation reached the park gates and sent one of its number, Jehu, to the agent's door to ask him to communicate its presence to the squire, and to say that an audience with him was desired. But Stephen Grainger was not at home.

"He has gone up towards the Manor," said the house-keeper.

"He's gone to the Manor," repeated Jehu, carrying back the answer to the deputation, and suspicion at once ran through the minds of the men that the agent had got wind of their coming, and had gone on to prepare the squire; and so, without further parley,

they marched on boldly through the park.

"It will be best," said George Ford, addressing the crowd at the gates, for he was one of the deputation, having on his recovery kept his promise and joined the chapel people, "that you good people remain here until our return. We don't want to menace Squire Trethyn, but only to show him that we be resolute."

And so the crowd remained orderly and passively at the gates.

On, steadily onwards, tramped the deputation, the men's measured tramp resounding through the still park, until at length the smooth lawn in front of the Manor was reached, and then the deputation halted. Seth Roberts went up the broad steps and rang the door-bell. It was not immediately answered, but in a few minutes the butler appeared, and Seth explained that they had come to see the squire.

"I'll just see whether he's at home," said that powdered functionary.

"He is at home," said Seth, emphatically. "We know he is, and Mr. Grainger's here too. Tell Squire Trethyn we desire audience with him."

CHAPTER VIII.

AND THE RESULT OF IT.

Seth Roberts had spoken quite correctly. Squire Trethyn was at home, and at that moment was clandestinely viewing the deputation through an obscure corner of the drawing-room window, while his agent, looking through another corner, was busily employed writing down as many of the names of the men as he knew. Parson Thornleigh was there, too, but just then was only a mute and apprehensive onlooker, standing far back in the room from possible observation without.

"You're taking down the names?" queried Squire Trethyn in an irritated voice.

"As many of them as I know and can see," replied Stephen Grainger. "I've got over twenty of them down already."

"That's right," said the squire. "I will leave you to deal with them. I will give you carte blanche to do what you like. But show them no mercy. These rascals must be taught a lesson. I see Seth Roberts is at the head of them."

"Trust him for that," said Grainger. "He's at the head and centre of all the mischief that goes on in the parish."

Just then the butler appeared and delivered Seth's message.

"Tell them that I won't see them," cried the squire angrily, "and that if they don't at once depart I shall send for the police."

A very futile threat, thought the butler, as he went out from the squire's presence, for the number of policemen in Trethyn could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and what would they be against so many?

"Go back to the squire," said Seth, calmly and firmly, when he heard the squire's answer, "and tell him that not one man moves from this lawn until we have seen and spoken with him."

The menial did so, and the squire was furious.

"I will not see them on any account," he stormed. "I will have nothing to do with them. If they want to transact business with me they must go to Jeffries, or—good gracious, why don't they go to Grainger here?"

Stephen Grainger muttered something about their confounded stubbornness, but he did not say that the men, at least two of them, had first been to him, and that

their presence on the lawn that night was because of his cutting refusal to do business with them.

"That's the squire's answer," replied Jack sarcastically, as the latter followed his master's directions.

"Yes," said the man coldly.

"Then we shall see," said Jack.

He had scarcely closed the door again when the butler heard the squire's voice calling him loudly:

"Thomas! Thomas!"

"At your service, sir," answered Thomas, putting his head into the dining-room.

"Is Mr. Edward at home?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I do not, sir."

"As soon as he comes in send him here."

Thomas bowed low in acquiescence, and then, turning down the hallway to order the news to the servants, quietly walked down for his supper.

A few minutes afterwards Parson Trevelyan, looking out of the window, saw that the men were drawing nearer to the door, all looking very determined. Thinking it best for the two sides to be kept from each, a thousand pounds, he hurriedly turned to the servant by his immediate departure.

"I've several matters to attend to," he said, "and I must really go. I would have gone before had not this unfortunate affair occurred. I do not like to go, and leave you to meet these rude fellows alone."

"Under other circumstances I'd say," remarked the squire pointedly, "Perhaps you'd do me the favour to tell your in the police station and ask Superintendent Jones to send a few officers over to Hazel-dene Lodge directly."

Considerable surprise at the possibility of getting away so easily, Parson Trevelyan readily promised obedience to the squire's request, and then wished him and his agent good-night.

"The officers will be sure to be here almost immediately," he said, "and then you'll be rid from this unpleasant business."

But Thomas Trevelyan got no further than the front door.

"Down in, sir," said John Morris, stepping up to the latter directly he appeared at the open doorway. "Where do we find?"

"Hazel," answered the parson, in astonishment.

"But, sir, sir," said John, remonstrating, "you never go back again. We cannot allow it yet. No living man leaves this house tonight until the squire consents to see and treat us."

Consternation seemed Parson Trevelyan hastened back to the dining-room to inform the squire of what had happened.

"There are the back doors," said the agent, "so you might get out through the kitchen."

But only to these words was given heed. Men were stationed at all the doors.

"It's a regular siege!" said Edward Hall jestingly.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the person, addressing the squire, "I would better consent to see them. You may appease them for the present, and afterwards you may guard against similar attacks. You can arrange the police protection. If you don't yield to them they may do something desperate."

"Let them," said the squire belligerently; "there's not a man amongst them that'll ever suffer for this night. You'll see to that, won't you, Granger?"

Granger said yes, and ground his teeth savagely, as if he envied the opportunity had been perhaps.

"Shall I go out to them, squire," he asked presently.

"What could you do?" queried the squire.

"I might persuade them to go away upon some specious promise or other," he said, "and that would allow you to keep your word, and at the same time relieve you of this offence."

Squire Trethyn considered a moment or two, and then said:

"Very well; do so."

But Stephen Grainger's chance of making peace was gone.

"Send Seth Roberts here," he cried, going to the door.

"Come and see him if you want him," shouted a score of angry voices in return.

The agent began to think that he was not going to have all his own way, and at once changed his haughty manner.

"I've come from the squire," he said. "He has given me power to treat with you."

"Sir," exclaimed Stephen Harris, stepping forward, "we'll never consent to do business with you. All you know of business is the bloodshedding business."

That was a home-thrust at the agent's cruel talk of a few nights before, and it annoyed him exceedingly. But he could not help wishing he had not spoken so harshly upon that occasion.

"Best go indoors," spoke Jehu Morris, "and take care of yourself. Your presence here only adds insult to injury."

"But, gentlemen—"

"Nothing more will be heard from you," said George Ford, "and you be only exasperating the men. We be here on peaceable business, but your interference may be like a match to a powder magazine."

"But Seth Roberts—"

"Seth Roberts will have nothing to say to you," exclaimed Jehu, "and if he wished to we should prevent him. We ignore you altogether. It's Squire Trethyn we want, and no one else."

"Then Squire Trethyn will not see you," exclaimed the baffled Grainger, and went in to announce his failure.

By this time it had grown quite dark, but the men had previously provided themselves with torches, which they now lighted, and a bright red glare was thrown over the scene. It fell upon the windows of the Manor, flooding every nook and corner, and causing those within new fear.

"It is evident that they are going to make a night of it," said Stephen Grainger, looking out.

"What!" exclaimed Squire Trethyn, "stay there all night?"

"It looks very much like it," said the agent; "and they seem preparing to bivouac."

"Good gracious me!" cried the squire, "what is England coming to? Are honest men, and the gentry too at that, to be put to every indignity that the foolish mob suggests? Where are the police? Whatever are they thinking about? A patrol ought to have been round this way by now. I shall inquire into this negligence to-morrow from my position on the magistrates' bench. It is really disgraceful—disgraceful."

"The only course open to you now," said Thornleigh, "is to go out and see the men."

"Never!" said the squire, stamping his foot. "I shall simply go to bed as I always do, and sleep without a thought of them. If they won't allow you and Grainger to depart, there's plenty of room in the house, and you can do the same. But, hark! what's that?"

A loud and angry noise was heard without; the loud shouting, not of a hundred voices, but of several hundreds, voices of women as well as men going up through the night air. Stephen Grainger stepped quickly to the window again to see the cause of it.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed,

"there are swarms of people outside. It seems as if all Bedlam were loose. There's going to be some desperate work done here to-night. The people are shouting and gesticulating at each other and pointing vengefully here.

"Great heavens! I believe they are going to set the Manor on fire."

"The Manor on fire!" simultaneously broke the startled cry from the squire and the parson.

"I see someone urging on those with torches as if they would have them set fire to the building."

"Who is it?" gasped the squire.

"I can't make out," answered the agent. "His face is averted, and he's in the shade. See! he has snatched the torch from one of them, and is running towards the house with all his might."

"Heaven help us!" ejaculated the parson.

"Bravo! one has followed him and tripped him up. He is wrenching the torch from the fallen man's hand. Hurrah! he's got it, and waves it on high, as if he would hold it out of the other's reach."

"Can you make out who he is?" asked the squire. "Mark that man out, Grainger, and reward him."

"Why, bless me!" cried the agent, "it's Mr. Edward."

"My son?"

"Yes."

"God bless him! Where is he now?"

"Standing amongst a group of men, arguing with them persuasively," answered the agent. "I can tell that by his face. He seems to be urging them to go away."

"Do they appear to yield?" nervously asked Mr. Thornleigh.

"No; they're plainly resisting him. Ah! I see it all now. It's not only the chapel folk that are here. The very dregs of the town are here also. All rascaldom is here. Squire Trethyn," turning towards his master with scared face, "I fear it is now too late to treat with these people. The thing has passed from their hands, and the mob has taken the matter up. The villains are clearly bent on mischief, and we may prepare for the worst."

It was indeed so. The mob, howling, screeching, threatening, now surrounded the house. Tired, and impatient of waiting at the gates for the deputation's return, the people had at length broken into the park, and, headed by Rake Swinton and a few similar spirits, were menacing the Manor. Edward, who had been on a stolen visit to Rhoda, had heard nothing of the proposed deputation until that night, and when Rhoda told him of it, he at once left her presence and hastened towards the park. As we have seen, he was just in time to save the Manor from destruction by fire, and now stood hotly debating with the people.

"Seth Roberts," he was saying gravely, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"The old trouble," said Seth gloomily.

"But this is madness, madness," exclaimed Edward; "why have you permitted this thing?"

He spoke authoritatively and in anger.

"We came here peaceably enough, Mr. Edward," answered Seth, "but you see how matters stand. Our influence is gone. We've got no control over these people. And it isn't us that's causing all this scene. But, Mr. Edward, it is a thousand pities the squire didn't meet us generously."

"Then there would have been no scene," added Stephen Harris.

"It would all have been peaceable, as Seth says," put in Jehu Morris.

"Peaceable!" cried Edward. "When you gather a hundred men together to show fight, how can things be peaceable? You're dolts to think any such thing, and foolhardy simpletons. But see, if any harm comes to this place, or to any one person, it is your people, as the originators of this disgraceful riot, that shall be held responsible for it."

"We don't hold with it at all," said old Moses Watkins, "and we've already despatched George Ford for the police."

But Edward had darted away, and was making for the house.

"Father!" he exclaimed, dashing unceremoniously into the drawing-room, where the squire, his family, his agent, and the parson were cowering with fear. "You see what you've brought on yourself and us with your intolerant notions. You have more than the simple chapel people to contend with now. You have the whole town against you. And I tell you candidly I sympathize with the people. You've treated them most inhumanly—as if they were cattle, and not men. Now you see the result of it."

Edward spoke passionately, and the words went home to the squire's heart. But though he intensely felt their reproach he was by no means subdued, and all the old man rose up in him again, so that from the "God bless him" of a few minutes ago he turned to denouncing his son in cruel and unmeasured terms.

"Had it not been for you and your coquetting with these people," he said savagely, "this trouble would never have come upon us. They were a happy and contented people until you filled their heads with your nonsense."

"I filled their heads?" cried Edward. "How can you be so unjust? You know I did nothing of the kind. You know that it is your unseemly behaviour towards them that has given birth to all this. And now you'll have to suffer for it."

"What!" cried his father, "do you threaten me too?"

Edward turned scornfully on his heel, and walked towards the door.

"Not an hour will pass away," he said, pausing with his hand on the door-handle, "before you pay the penalty for all your folly."

He spoke of the palpable determination of the mob to do mischief, and with no other meaning, but the words were destined to be supplied with another by those who heard them, by those gathered together in the drawing-room, and by the butler, who was just going into the drawing-room as Edward was coming out, and who, naturally, heard the words—words of anger, spoken in sheer forgetfulness of the relationship of him to whom they were addressed. But they were spoken, and a bitter harvest awaited them. Scarcely had this little by-play ended when the attention of those in the drawing-room was suddenly called again to the window. Hastening to it they found the whole place outside lit up with a strong and lurid light, which emanated from something more than the men's torches, and, on looking intently towards the park gates, they saw dense volumes of smoke rising into the air.

"Some place on fire," said the agent moodily.

"What place is it?" tremblingly inquired Lady Trethyn, while her daughters clasped their hands in abject despair.

"Grainger," said the squire suddenly, "it's your house."

For a moment or so the little group was panic-stricken.

"Upon my word," said the agent presently, "I really b'lieve it is. Someone will suffer for this."

Without further comment he

flung open the window, sprang out lightly on to the lawn, quite unobserved by the mob, whose attention for the moment seemed drawn towards the fire, and at once commenced running towards the gate.

"Now's my chance, too," said Mr. Thornleigh, following suit, and not waiting for the squire to remonstrate. "I'll send the police round," he whispered, looking back, and then he too was gone.

"Whatever shall we do? Oh! what shall we do?" cried Lady Trethyn, wringing her hands; and her distress was imitated by her daughters.

"Go to the middle room," said the squire, "and lock and bar yourselves in, while I keep watch here."

"But if they should fire the house?"

"I will be here to warn you. Go! Such scenes and sounds as these are not for ladies' ears."

Things outside by this time had assumed so awful a character that many of the men who had formed the deputation had hurried away from the scene in shame and dread, and Seth Roberts was running wildly about, his hat off, and his long hair streaming on the wind, urging everyone he met to do the same.

"Friends!" he cried, "this is criminal! God will surely punish us for it. Back to the town! Back to Trethyn!"

Many of the chapel people followed Seth's advice, and gladly got away from the place, but it would have been easier to put a limit to the ocean's onward rush than to stem the fierce wrath of the infuriated mob. Old sores were in their thoughts, old insults and oppressions, class hatred fired their blood and urged them on and made them very madmen. It was the mob's opportunity, and it made the most of it. Now they made an ugly rush for the Manor again. Some incendiary threw a lighted torch through the open window of the drawing-room, but it was speedily flung back again by the squire. This was the occasion for hoarse, fiendish laughter, as from the nethermost depths of pandemonium.

In the midst of it all, Stephen Grainger, returning from the fire, encountered Edward, and insulted him in his fury. The mob resented this, for Edward's sympathies for the people were well known. Someone raised a stick, and the agent fell stunned and bleeding. When he came to himself again Edward was bending over him, staunching the blood with his handkerchief, and earnestly inquiring concerning his state.

"Nice work for the heir of Trethyn!" were the scathing words which greeted his inquiries.

"It was not I who struck you," said Edward, "and I am truly sorry that anyone could have been so cowardly as to do it."

"Blood-letting," said some one in the crowd, and the agent glowered in anger. Struggling to his feet, refusing Edward's proffered help and muttering out threatenings, he painfully made his way to the Manor.

"Great heavens!" cried the squire on seeing him, "what has happened?"

"Your son has murderously assaulted me," was the answer.

"My son? Edward?" cried the squire aghast.

"Yes," answered the untruthful and vindictive agent, "but I shall yet have my revenge. To his dying day he shall suffer for this. To make matters worse, I've lost everything which I possessed. My house is gutted with the fire, and not a single stitch saved."

"Oh, don't moan over that now," said the squire impatiently. "Life is the main thing now. The loss of goods and chattels can be

righted again. I'll see to that. But now look out again and see how matters stand."

Sulkily the agent obeyed his master. Squire Trethyn had long since extinguished the lights in the room, so that Stephen Grainger could look out without being observed. For a few moments he stood peering out into the glimmering darkness—darkness only relieved by the now few and feebly-burning torches. Presently he called out excitedly :

"Something's happened. There's terrible commotion going on, and the people are flying in all directions."

" P'raps the police have come," said the squire.

" They are mounted police," answered the agent. " No—no, why, I declare, they are soldiers. Yes, soldiers ! Hurrah !"

" Thank God," breathed the squire, " we're safe enough now."

" Ay," said the agent, " and now for vengeance. Shouldn't be surprised if some of them are not killed amidst it all. Serve them right, too. Squire, I'll go and help to drive the villains from the park."

Saying which he opened the window as he had done before, and made slowly and heavily towards the fight—slowly, for he was weak and giddy from his late unconsciousness; heavily, for he was full of pain from the blow he had received.

But he was too late to be of any service. The presence of the soldiers was sufficient terror to the rioters, who, on seeing them, fled in all directions. In less than five minutes the park was cleared, and a guard placed at the gates and round the Manor. That is, the park was cleared for aught the military knew, and the one crouching figure which was stealing round the squire's house, endeavouring to get away unobserved, was not seen by them. But he was seen by the agent, who, however, was too weak to give chase, and who contented himself with shouting to scare him away.

Then the agent made for the Manor again.

"All's safe now, Squire Trethyn," he said, opening the drawing-room door again. " The rascals have gone. To-morrow we must have all the ringleaders arrested."

But Squire Trethyn did not answer, nor was there any stir or sound. " Squire Trethyn !" called the agent.

Still no answer.

" He must have gone out. Thomas ! Thomas ! where's the squire ?"

" In the drawing-room, sir," said that worthy, appearing.

" No, he isn't there," answered the agent ; " I've just come from there."

" Then p'raps he's gone to inform Lady Trethyn of the state of affairs," said Thomas, " and will be back again shortly."

" Probably," replied the agent. " I will wait."

" I'll bring you a light, sir."

" Do."

What was that which met the eyes of the two men as they together entered the room ? Squire Trethyn lying on his face on the floor—pale, ghastly, motionless, and dead.

FAITH AND WORKS.

If faith produce no works, I see
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow ;
No separate life they e'er can know :
They're soul and body, hand and heart :
What God hath joined, let no man part.

—*Hannah More.*

THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

BY JOHN FISKE.

JOHN FISKE.

On the whole, there seems to be small likelihood of any dispute arising between this country and Great Britain which cannot be amicably settled, with reasonable promptness, under the provisions of this new Arbitration Treaty. One chief desideratum in any such instrument is to secure impartiality in the arbitrating tribunals, and here the arrangements made in our treaty will doubtless yield as good results as can ever be achieved through mere arrangements. Yet in an age which does not yet fully comprehend the villainy of such maxims as "Our country, right or wrong," gross partisanship is not easy to eliminate from human nature. There is no doubt that the good work is undertaken in entire good faith by both nations; both earnestly wish to make international arbitration successful, and there is little fear that the importance of fair dealing will be overlooked or undervalued. If the present proceedings result in the establishment of a tribunal whose integrity and impartiality shall win the permanent confidence of British and Americans alike, it will be an immense achievement, fraught with incalculable benefit to mankind. For the first time the substitution of international lawsuits for warfare will have been systematically begun by two of the leading nations of the world; and an event which admits of such a description cannot be without many consequences, enduring and profound.

The treaty merely asks to be tried on its merits, and only for five years at that. Only for such a brief period is the most vociferous Jingo in the United States Senate or elsewhere asked to put a curb upon his sanguinary propensities, and see what will happen. Nay, if we really prefer war to peace; if, like the giant in the nursery tale, we are thirsting for a draught of British blood, neither this nor any other treaty could long restrain us. As Hosea Biglow truly observes,

> "The right to be a cussed fool
> Is safe from all devices human."

The questions hitherto settled by arbitration have for the most part been of minor importance, in which "national honour" has not been at stake, and the bestial impulse to tear and bruise, which so many light-headed persons mistake for patriotism, has not been aroused.

Should any incident as irritating as the Trent affair occur in future, the Arbitration Treaty can be made to furnish the delay which the absence of an ocean cable once necessitated; and I have enough respect for English-speaking people on both sides of the water to believe that in such case they will behave sensibly, and not like silly duellists. So, too, as regards "feeling insulted" by the speech of a prime minister, there is a recent historic instance to the point. Our British cousins may have had reason to feel insulted by some expressions in President Cleveland's message of December, 1895, but they took the matter very quietly. Had the boot been on the other leg, a few pupils of Elijah Pogram might have indulged in Barmecide suppers of gore, but there the affair would probably have ended. The reason is that deliberate public opinion in both countries feels sure that nothing is to be gained, and much is to be lost, by fighting. Under such conditions, the growing moral sentiment which condemns most warfare as wicked has a chance to assert itself.

People who prefer civilized and gentlemanlike methods of settling disputes to the savage and ruffianlike business of burning and slaughtering are sometimes

stigmatized by silly writers as "sentimentalists."

As feelings of dislike between the peoples of two countries are always unintelligent and churlish, so feelings of friendship are sure to be broadening and refining. The abiding sentiment of Scotchmen toward England was for many centuries immeasurably more rancorous than any Yankee schoolboy ever gave vent to on the Fourth of July. There is no reason why the advent of the twenty-first century should not find the friendship between the United States and Great Britain quite as strong as that between Scotland and England to-day. Towards so desirable a consummation a permanent policy of arbitration must surely tend.

Upon the continent of Europe a considerable interest seems already to have been felt in the treaty, and its working is sure to be carefully watched, for the states of Europe are suffering acutely from the apparent necessity of keeping perpetually prepared for war, and any expedient that holds out the slightest chance of relief from such a burden cannot fail to attract earnest attention.

Among the Italian republics of the Middle Ages, disputes were sometimes submitted to the arbitration of learned professors in the universities at Bologna and other towns. But such methods could not prevail over the ruder fashions of Europe north of the Alps. We have no notion of submitting to misery like that of the Middle Ages; on the contrary, we have got rid of so much of it that we mean to go on and get rid of the whole. Such is the general feeling among civilized men. The states of Continental Europe are showing an increasing disposition to submit questions to arbitration, and in view of this situation the fullest measure of success for our Arbitration Treaty is to be desired, for the sake of its moral effect.

Within the last twenty years the operations of production and distribution have been assuming colossal proportions. Business, in short, is becoming more and more international; and under such circumstances the era of general disarmament is likely to be hastened. In the long run peace has no other friend so powerful as commerce.

The pacification of Europe, therefore, is not an affair that is foreign to our interest. In that, as in every other aspect of the Christian policy of "peace on earth and good-will to men," we are most deeply concerned; and every incident, like the present Arbitration Treaty, that promises to advance us even by one step towards the sublime result, it is our solemn duty to welcome and encourage by all the means within our power.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

CRUSHED BY AN AVALANCHE.

Recent despatches from Switzerland report the partial destruction by an avalanche of the famous hospice of St. Bernard on the Alps. An enormous mass of snow and ice fell upon the left wing of the building, completely demolishing it. Providentially no lives were lost, and the occupants were able to tunnel through the snow to the other part of the hospice which remained intact. Probably there is no edifice in the world so well known as this ancient building.

Although the present hospice is only three hundred years old, a similar structure has stood in the Alpine Pass since the year 962. It was founded by Count Bernard of Menthon, who devoted forty years of his life to rescuing and succouring the numerous travellers who annually crossed the Alps on their way to and from Italy. He planted it near the great pass which runs by Mont Velon, whose summit towers two thousand feet above the highest point of the pass. The hospice is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea and is close to the line of perpetual snow. It is a large regular mass of stone buildings capable of accommodating six hundred persons. The lowest floor is given up to stables and store-rooms, and above are the drawing-room, refectory, and dormitories.

About forty monks of the Augustinian order reside in the hospice and manage its affairs. During the year they entertain as many as twenty thousand travellers, who usually stay one night. No charge is made to the guests, the funds of the hospice being sufficient to cover the expense. Guests have, however, the opportunity of contributing to the treasury, and it is customary to give as much as similar entertainment would cost at a hotel. Residence at the hospice is very trying owing to the extreme severity of the cold. Few of the monks are able to

HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE.

stay the fifteen years for which they pledge themselves. They leave, broken in health, suffering from rheumatism and other ailments resulting from life at so high an altitude, where the winter lasts nine months of the year and the thermometer frequently registers twenty-five degrees below zero.

The monks, aided by the sagacious St. Bernard dogs, which are bred at the hospice, go out daily, to seek travellers who are lost in the snow. The records kept at the hospice show a large number of lives thus saved during the year. It is matter for thankfulness that this work of mercy will not be interrupted by the accident which has occurred. Had the avalanche taken a course only a few yards farther to the right, the whole hospice would have been demolished and many lives would have been lost. Both the monks and the people who depend on them for shelter in that inhospitable region, have reason to bless God that the destruction of the hospice which came so near them was escaped.

"HEAVENWARD DUTY."

"Great deeds are trumpeted; loud bells
are rung,
And men turn 'round to hear
The high peaks echo to the pæans sung,
And some great victor cheer.
And yet great deeds are few. The mightiest men
Find opportunities but now and then.

"The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken
thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring
no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells."

DR. BUCKLEY'S HISTORY OF METHODISM.*

Dr. Buckley has a noble theme, and treats it in a very noble manner. Although ostensibly a history of Methodism in the United States, yet as a necessary prelude he gives over a hundred pages on the origin and development of Methodism in Great Britain. In a preliminary chapter he describes the development of the Protestant religion, and especially the Nonconformist Churches under the tyrannous treatment of the Tudors, Stuarts, and early Georges.

But, as Emerson remarks, an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; the Reformation, of Luther; Methodism, of Wesley. Three chapters are therefore devoted to this Man of Providence, his remarkable training, his intellectual and spiritual development, and his great work. A generous tribute is paid to the real mother of Methodism, Susannah Wesley, a woman, judging from her portrait, of queenly presence, of intellectual vigour, of moral power. Those were the days of large families. Susannah Wesley was herself the twenty-fifth child of Dr. Samuel Annesley, and became the mother of nineteen children. That Christian home of Epworth was indeed the cradle of Methodism, that child of Providence whose goings forth are seen in all lands.

"Abundant proof," says our author, of the mother of Methodism, "exists of a thoroughly disciplined mind, extraordinary penetration, accurate knowledge on every current subject, remarkable facility in theological discussions, and excellent style as a writer." It is not generally known that the founder of Methodism was named John Benjamin after two younger brothers who died in infancy.

Dr. Buckley paints a dark picture of the condition of England before the religious revival of the eighteenth century. The Bishop of Lichfield said in 1724: "The Lord's Day is now the devil's market-day. More lewdness, more drunkenness, more quarrels and murders, more sin, is contrived and committed on this day than on all the other days of the week together. . . . Sin, in general, is grown so hardened and rampant as that immoralities are defended, yea, justified on principle. . . . Every kind of sin has found a writer to teach and vindicate it, and a bookseller and hawker to divulge and spread it."

Another author declares that the darkest period in the religious annals of England was that prior to the preaching of Whitefield and the Wesleys. At Oxford the life of John Wesley was a continual protest against the moral evils and the religious laxity of the time. He observed the Wednesday and Friday fasts, tasting no food till three in the afternoon. He and his colleagues carried asceticism and devotion to study so far as nearly to ruin their health. From their devotional habit they won the name of the "Holy Club," "Bible Bigots," "Bible Moths," and "Methodists."

A condensed history of early Methodism follows, of the journey to Georgia of the two Wesleys, of the influence of the Moravians, and how in the Aldersgate Street meeting-house John Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed" while listening to the reading of Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, and received the assurance of the forgiveness of sins.

An interesting account is given of the beginnings of Methodism in the New World through the inspiration of Barbara Heck, and the ministry of Philip Embury, Captain Webb, and Robert Strawbridge. The portrait of Barbara Heck reveals a strikingly winsome countenance. It seems strange that there should have arisen any controversy as to the identity and influence of this mother in Israel, yet the theory has been maintained that her name was not Heck but Hick, that she died not in Canada but in New York, and a marble tablet to that effect exists in old John Street church. Dr. Buckley, however, disposes of this extraordinary theory and confirms the now universally accepted record of the early migration of the Palatine Methodists to Canada, and the great and providential part she played as the mother of Methodism in this land as well as in the United States.

Dr. Buckley also sustains the precedence of the New York Methodism above that of Baltimore or Philadelphia. He recounts the heroic story of the pioneer Methodist preachers of the New World, the ranging of Whitefield throughout the

* "A History of Methodism in the United States." By Rev. James M. Buckley, LL.D. Two vols. Illustrated. New York: The Christian Literature Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxvii.–953. Price, $6.00.

continent, the labours of Boardman and Pilmoor; the frequent visits of Coke, the father of Methodist missions; the consecrated labours of Francis Asbury, the first bishop of American Methodism, as heroic a figure as any in the annals of the Christian Church.

The blended romance and reality of this conquest of the continent for Christ and His Church form a stirring chapter. In graphic phrase Dr. Buckley thus describes those days:

"Methodism had now for eighteen years run like a fire to and fro in this continent, here through dry stubble, there almost quenched in swamps and along watercourses, again kindled at distant points by wind-blown sparks, until the land was dotted with societies, none of which dared to call themselves churches, and whose members were without the sacraments except as they received them from clergymen of the Church of England, who in many instances regarded them with indifference."

The early history of Methodism is written on the tombstones of the pioneers and path-finders of civilization. Some of these early itinerants were men of marvellous powers, as Benjamin Abbott, Jesse Lee, Freeborn Garretson, William Black, the founder of Methodism in Nova Scotia, and others whose names, unrecorded on earth, are written in the Lamb's book of life.

There are a number of incidental references to Canadian Methodism in these volumes. Asbury, and Hedding, and Bangs, and Elder Case, traversed as missionaries this land, then an almost pathless wilderness. During the war of 1812-1815 Methodism in Canada suffered exceedingly. The circuits in Upper Canada were manned, but those in Montreal, on the St. Francis and Ottawa were without regular supplies. The church in Quebec had no regular pastor for two years of the struggle, but a Methodist surgeon in a British regiment preached there efficiently, and when his regiment was removed a local preacher was developed.

When peace was declared the membership in Canada had been reduced to little more than half the number at the beginning of hostilities. The Genesee Conference resumed care of the country. William Case was made presiding elder of the Upper Canada, and Henry Ryan of the Lower Canada district. The British Conference, however, sent over three missionaries for Montreal and Quebec.

The increase of members in the United States in 1815 was but thirty-six, and of preachers, seventeen, justifying Wesley's aphorism that "war is always a foe to true religion."

The second volume describes the irrepressible conflict between the anti-slavery and slavery sentiment, and what Dr. Buckley mildly calls the "bisection of the Methodist Episcopal Church." That he has been eminently fair and impartial, weighing the evidence and giving judgment, is shown in the cordial acceptance of his statement by the leading journal of the Southern Church.

Then follows the record of the fratricidal War of Secession and its sequels, the wonderful development of the publishing interests, church extension, missionary societies, educational work, the founding of theological and secular colleges, use of the press, Ecumenical Conferences, the Chautauqua and Epworth League movements, the employment of deaconess homes, asylums, and orphanages. A generous tribute is paid to the progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The publishers have done their part well in these two volumes. The books are sumptuously printed and illustrated with scores of engravings of persons and places famous in the history of Methodism. They are well indexed and handsomely bound. Dr. Buckley has laid, not only his own Church, but all the Churches, under a great obligation by his judicious, impartial, broad-minded survey of the growth and development of that great movement called Methodism.

Lord of love,
Life of our lives, our Truth, our only Way
To those unsullied courts; dwell in us now;
Reveal to us Thy truth while waiting here
And listening for Thy call. When that shall come,
Still be our Guide right upward, till in Thee,
The living Way, we reach our glorious home,
And pass through those pure portals.

—*Parkinson.*

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S LIFE OF NELSON.*

Next to King Alfred, Horatio Nelson is the favourite character of British history. His romantic career, his heroic achievements, and his tragic death in the very hour of victory, invest his story with an undying interest. In this Jubilee year, when our patriotic pulses are stirred by our stirring island story, we doubt not that many loyal Canadians will wish to possess this sumptuous record of Britain's great naval hero.

It is significant of the closer knitting of international ties between the mother and the daughter land, that the most adequate and important history of Nelson should be written by a distinguished officer of the United States navy. In his previous work on the "Influence of Sea Power upon History," Captain Mahan paid a generous tribute to the splendid naval career of Great Britain during the period of her greatest development as mistress of the sea.

It is not merely of Nelson as the great sailor and conquering hero that this book is written, but as the "embodiment of the sea power of Great Britain." The aim of the author has been, as far as possible, to let Nelson tell the story of his own life in his copious letters and despatches. Young Nelson, as a puny, motherless boy of twelve, entered the King's naval service. "What has poor little Horatio done," said his uncle, Captain Suckling, "that he, being so weak, should be sent to rough it at sea?" A little later he was sent by his guardian in a merchant ship to learn before the mast the elements of his profession. Before he was twenty he was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and at the outbreak of the French War he was appointed commander of the *Agamemnon*. He seems to have cherished a bitter and unreasoning hatred of the French, inspired, doubtless, by the excesses of the Revolution.

Those were days of hard service. "All we get," he writes, "is honour and salt beef. For nearly nineteen weeks my poor fellows have not had a morsel of fresh meat or vegetables. I have little less than a hundred sick." This was before the days of canned meats, fruits and vegetables; and scurvy more than decimated the fleet.

Nelson saw much hard service in the Mediterranean, and at the siege of Calvi lost his right eye. It was the time of Britain's conflict with the colossal power of Napoleon. But Nelson dealt a fatal blow at the Corsican adventurer in the famous Battle of the Nile. He was severely wounded and his shattered health demanded a furlough. He was everywhere greeted as the saviour of the nation.

Then followed active service in the Baltic, and the Battle of Copenhagen, where Nelson, putting his glass to his blind eye, declared he could not see the signal to retreat. As Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean squadron he also saw hard service, chafing against the forced inaction caused by the evasive tactics of the French.

At last he met the French and Spanish squadrons off Trafalgar. He had a presentiment that it was his last day. He wore his admiral's coat bearing all his medals and insignia. To a remonstrance against presenting so conspicuous a target, he replied, "In honour I gained them, and in honour will I die with them." On the eve of the battle Lieutenant Pascoe found him on his knees in his cabin writing. "May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen." These were the last words he wrote.

Bearing down on the enemy he hoisted the soul-stirring signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." As the *Royal Sovereign* dashed into the fight Nelson exclaimed: "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action." About the same instant his generous rival was saying to his flag-captain, "What would Nelson give to be here?" On the flag-ship Nelson's secre-

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* "The Life of Nelson. The Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain." By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. Two vols. Pp. xxxix–881. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $8.00.

tary was struck down at his side, and eight marines killed by a single shot. A shot from the mizzen-top of the *Redoubtable* gave Nelson his mortal wound. He was carried to the cockpit, already cumbered with the wounded and dying. Feeling that his case was hopeless he bade the surgeons leave him for those to whom they could be of some use. "How goes the battle, Hardy?" he asked later. "We have got fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships!" was the reply. "That is well, but I bargained for twenty." "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" he exclaimed. "I suppose my Lord Admiral Collingwood will now take the direction of affairs?" said Hardy. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying veteran. "Kiss me, Hardy; take care of Lady Hamilton. God bless you, Hardy," he said. "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty," he repeated while the power of speech remained. His last words were, "God and my country!"

The closing words of Captain Mahan's noble volumes have a simple eloquence that surpasses all words of praise.

"There, surrounded by the companions of his triumph, and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, 'His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore.' Wars may cease, but the need for heroism shall not depart from the earth, while man remains man and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.

"Happy he who lives to finish all his task. The words, 'I have done my duty,' sealed the closed book of Nelson's story with a truth broader and deeper than he himself could suspect. His duty was done, and its fruit perfected. Other men have died in the hour of victory, but for no other has victory so singular and so signal graced the fulfilment and ending of a great life's work. '*Finis coronat opus*' has of no man been more true than of Nelson. There were, indeed, consequences momentous and stupendous yet to flow from the decisive supremacy of Great Britain's sea-power, the establishment of which, beyond all question or competition, was Nelson's great achievement; but his part was done when Trafalgar was fought. The coincidence of his death with the moment of complete success has impressed upon that superb battle a stamp of finality, an immortality of fame, which even its own grandeur scarcely could have insured. He needed, and he left, no successor. To use again St. Vincent's words, 'There is but one Nelson.'"

Our author does not conceal nor apologize for the grave blot on the character of Nelson, his unhappy relations with Lady Hamilton, a woman, who, forgetful of all the claims of love and duty, cast her fatal fascinations upon the great sailor and beguiled him from the path of honour, purity and peace.

These volumes are illustrated with nineteen excellent portraits and with twenty maps and diagrams, making perfectly clear the naval tactics of the great battles described. They express, we think, the last word that needs to be said on England's great sea-captain. It is especially gratifying that a generous-hearted American has said it.

COMMUNITY.

Dwell more with men, O Soul! and more with man.
Add to the ties, the human ties, that bind
Thee closer, surer to thy fellow-kind.
Make great, deep, warm, pure friendships, that must span
This life and that fair other. Ah! this ban
Of distance and of pride, that makes us blind,
Blind to the lasting joys that others find,—
Slow, all too slow, our bit of heaven to scan.

Comrade with men, and suffer with thy kin.
If thou wouldst know the Father, and wouldst hear
His voice speak through thy neighbour's, true and clear.
Be friendly, and within thy friendships win
Rare souls, that have some message to fulfil,
To do,—and so to teach the Father's will.

THE ETERNAL CITY.*

Rome, London and Jerusalem we think the most interesting cities in the world. But Rome surpasses them all in its manifold claims upon our sympathy. As the city of the Cæsars and the saints, of imperial triumph and cruel persecutions, as the centre of a great spiritual despotism extending throughout all lands for a thousand years, as the scene of the stormy conflicts of the Middle Ages and the revived art and learning of the Renaissance, and as the capital of united Italy, it has a perennial interest.

The very variety and multiplicity of the themes which engage one's attention are almost bewildering; hence the importance of an intelligent guide, philosopher, and friend, in the exploration of Rome. Such an one we have in Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, who has made the subject of Christian and pagan archæology and antiquity a life study. These two elegant volumes are a sort of *vade mecum* for a visit to this famous city. It is not a dry-as-dust book of archæology, but a pleasant description and elucidation of ancient and mediæval and modern Rome. It describes the contrasted principles of the pagan and Christian religion which here fought for the conquest of the world; the heathen altars and temples and Christian oratories and churches; the pagan tombs and Christian catacombs; the social and domestic life of Rome, its palaces and patrician houses, villas and gardens; its Forum, public squares, porticos and baths; the triumphal arches and memorial structures, and those wonderful Roman roads, walls, gates, bridges, and aqueducts, in which the Romans were the great civil engineers of antiquity.

Nothing, perhaps, gives a more vivid conception of the boundless wealth and pomp and luxury of the Roman emperors than the vast public baths, of which the very ruins are stupendous. The most notable of these are the Baths of Caracalla, covering several acres of ground. They contained not only hot, cold, and tepid chambers, large enough to accommodate 1,600 bathers at once, but also vast palestræ or gymnasia, a racecourse, and the like. Solid towers of masonry crowned with trees and matted foliage rise high in air; vast chambers once cased with marbles or mosaic, with hypocausts for hot, and caleducts in the walls for cold air, bear witness to the Sybaritic luxury of the later days of the Empire.

Exceedingly interesting chapters follow on Roman manners and customs, Roman education and literature. Of special interest to the art student are those on Roman architecture, sculpture, paintings, and mosaics. He who knows the history of Rome knows very largely the history of the world for 2,000 years.

The scene of some of the most heroic achievements of the Republic and Empire is now a half-buried chaos of broken arch and column. Here stood the rostrum where Tully fulmined against Cataline, and where, after death, his eloquent tongue was pierced through and through by the bodkin of a revengeful woman. Here the Roman father slew his child to save her from dishonour. Here, "at the base of Pompey's statue" the well-beloved Brutus stabbed the foremost man of all this world. Here is the *Via Sacra*, through which passed the triumphal processions to the now ruined temples of the gods. But for a thousand years these ruins have been the quarries and the lime-kilns for the monasteries and churches of the modern city, till little is left save the shadow of their former greatness.

More utterly desolate than aught else are the pleasure palaces of the proud emperors of the world—the Golden House of Nero, the palaces of Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii,—monuments of the colossal vice which called down the wrath of Heaven on the guilty piles.

Near by rise the cliff-like walls of the Colosseum, stern monument of Rome's Christless creed. Tier above tier rise the circling seats, whence twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated upon the dying martyr's pangs, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Ten thousand Jewish captives were employed in its construction, and at its inauguration five thousand wild beasts were slain in bloody conflict with human antagonists. The dens in which the lions were confined, the gates through which the leopards leaped upon their victims may still be seen; and before us stretches the broad arena which even Rome's proud dames, unsexed and slain in gladiatorial conflict, lay trampled in the sand.

* "The Eternal City of Rome, its Religious Monuments, Literature and Art." By Clara Erskine Clement. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Two volumes, 8vo, pp. viii-846, Gilt top. Price, $6.

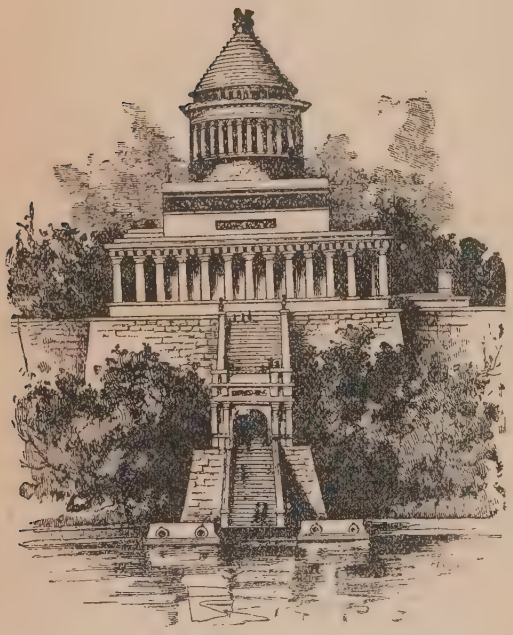
A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half cities have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton we pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plundered or but clear'd?

. . . . . .

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride,
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.

The publishers of this book have done their part generously in furnishing excellent maps and twenty-eight full-page photo-etchings of the most picturesque and interesting bits in Rome. In addition to these are 239 wood-cuts. The book is well indexed.

The World's Progress.



GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB IN RIVERSIDE PARK, N.Y.

Honouring a Hero.

The people of the United States have with appropriate and solemn ceremonies dedicated to the great soldier who saved their nation in the Civil War, and who twice filled with dignity the presidential chair, a noble tomb on the banks of the Hudson. It is a free-will offering of the people as an expression of their gratitude. It fitly crowns one of the most commanding sites for such a monument in the world, and its simplicity and dignity is worthy of the man whom it commemorates.

General Grant was as modest as he was great. His magnanimity to his conquered countrymen has never been surpassed. Though from duty a man of war, he was a lover of peace, and ever used his great influence in favour of arbitration and all that made for the welfare of man. During a personal interview he impressed the present writer as, while a man of iron will, a man of kindliest heart and most generous sympathies. President Grant was a man of clean lips and of a pure heart. Any thought low, or mean, or vile, had to remain unspoken in his presence.

The American people do well to honour his memory. While not so great a man as Washington or Lincoln, he was a man of whom any nation might be proud.

It is a touching illustration of the generous burying of the old war memories that the widow of Jefferson Davis sat side by side with the widow of General Grant at the dedication ceremonies—a demonstration of the fact that in that great country there is no North, no South, and that the bitter memories of the war are already forgotten.

"Over blood shed upon the field of battle," says Froude, "the grass soon grows, over blood shed upon the scaffold, never." It is the glory of the American people that after the most tremendous civil war the world has ever seen, not a single life was sacrificed in the spirit of revenge. Two great abolition leaders, Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greely, became bail for President Davis, of the fallen Confederacy.

President McKinley's oration at the tomb of Grant will take its place with that of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication

of Gettysburg Cemetery. We quote a few lines :

"A great life never dies. Great deeds are imperishable ; great names immortal. General Grant's services and character will continue undiminished in influence and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the corner-stone of free government and integrity of life the guaranty of good citizenship. But brilliant as was his public character, we love him all the more for his home life and homely virtues. Victorious in the work which under Divine Providence he was called upon to do, clothed with almost limitless power, he was yet one of the people—patient, patriotic and just. Success did not disturb the even balance of his mind, while fame was powerless to swerve him from the path of his duty. Great as he was in war, he loved peace, and told the world that honourable arbitration of differences was the best hope of civilization."

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, declared that it was the most impressive speech he ever heard. Great Britain expressed her sympathy not only by the presence of her ambassador, but by one of her great warships. Such international amenities will do much to knit the ties of love and brotherhood between the kindred nations which not all the pettiness of a minority of the American Senate can destroy.

The Treaty that Failed.

Every lover of his kind will regret that the United States Senate, which a year ago was clamouring for arbitration on behalf of Venezuela, has refused it on behalf of its own country. No one will more deeply regret this than patriotic Americans. We may leave it to the better press of the United States to rebuke the selfishness, egotism, and Jingoism that first mutilated and then killed the treaty. "The popular will," says the Chicago *Post*, "is overborne by a senatorial cavil." "The Senate has betrayed the trust of the people," says the Columbia, S.C., *Register*. "The shame of the rejection rests with the Senate," says the Boston *Herald*. "Sooner or later another treaty will be made and the American people will insist on its ratification." "It had to pass," says the Chicago *Chronicle*, "the noses of those violent patriots who are always smelling the blood of an Englishman and wanting some." "The rejection," says the New York *Herald*, "is a shame to those who achieved it, and a sore disappointment to the country." "With shame we say to the world," says the New York *Independent*, "we prayed for arbitration and when it was offered rejected it ; we begged for the Treaty, and when we got it we cast it back. With deep indignation we say to the twenty-six Senators who have brought humiliation upon us, You have betrayed a great and noble cause and brought defeat upon it. But you have not killed it. You have put off for a while the day of victory." The New York *Herald* says, "Twenty-six Jingo Senators voted against it, but more than twice as many millions of American people ratified it, and the Treaty has not failed."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, in an able article, defends the Treaty and trusts that its defeat will result it a future and better treaty of amity between the two Saxon nations. A change of two votes would have given the needed two-thirds majority. "Its condemnation by twenty-six members of what is probably the most justly despised legislative body in the world, will possibly add to its value."

The Pittsburg *Christian Advocate* denounces the act of the Senate as "a crime against civilization, as outraging the intelligent judgment of the country, whose conscience and moral sentiment was square against them. The shadow will not go back on the dial ; truth and righteousness, peace and fraternity will prevail. The people of these great English-speaking countries will make war impossible, however stupid some of those in power may be."

The American press writes strongly on the "decline of the Senate," and contrasts its petty measures with broad British statesmanship.

A Broader Arbitration.

Probably one result of the defeat of the Arbitration Treaty will be to lead to an inauguration of the principle on a wider scale. It has been already suggested that the smaller Powers, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Switzerland, should create a tribunal of arbitration to settle all matters of difference, and especially to guard against encroachments by the Great Powers. "Who should head this union," writes a patriotic American, "but Britain, the eternal home of liberty, backed as she should be by free America. Where else in the world could such an open-talk parliament of nations meet

and discuss their common interests in peace and safety?"

Out of this may grow a still broader tribunal for the settlement of all international difficulties. Certainly one effect will be to bring the scattered members of the British Empire into closer touch and sympathy, to knit them together by the strong but silken ties of commerce and good will. Certainly, it will lead British investors to place their funds in Canada, which showed such sympathy to the mother-country, rather than in a land where such antipathy is manifested.

A Lost Cause.

Unhappy Greece will have the sympathy of all free countries in the failure of her aspirations to secure the liberty of the Hellenic race in Crete and Macedonia and the sunny isles of the Ægean Sea. Her rash and reckless daring was inadequate to cope with the brute force of Turkey. It should, like the king in the Scripture, have considered whether it was able with ten thousand to meet him that came against it with twenty thousand. Its army was largely one on paper. Its commissariat was wretched, its arms defective, its leadership devoid of skill. The gallant little nation, though showing no lack of courage at the onset, lacked the staying power which is proof against panic and retreat. But the Powers for very shame will surely not suffer it to be despoiled and the dream of a pan-Hellenic Greece is one that yet will be fulfilled.

The victory gained by the Turk by sheer weight of numbers has already made him more defiant than ever. The Powers will find it increasingly difficult to secure the promised reforms in Armenia and elsewhere in his Empire.

The Paris Tragedy.

The horror in Paris whereby a hundred and fifty persons, chiefly ladies of the highest rank, including the sister of the Empress of Austria, were immolated in one dreadful funeral pyre, shows that no position of wealth or rank can avert the most dreadful tragedy. In a moment a scene of fashion and festivity was transformed into a sea of fire.

The French have a beautiful and ennobling sympathy with charity. At the *Salon* on hospital day, ladies of high rank will solicit contributions for the poor, and this annual *fête*, through which so many lost their lives, was for the same charitable purpose. It lends a tender pathos to the tragedy that not in the pursuit of selfish enjoyment were its victims overtaken by death, but while seeking to help the suffering and the sorrowing.

Sunday Cars in Toronto.

Every lover of the Sabbath will feel that by the triumph of Sunday cars in Toronto a calamity has happened, not only to our Queen City, but also to our broad Dominion. Toronto has lost its crown of glory, its distinction of being the only city of its size in the world which had so devout observance of the Lord's Day. Thrice within five years it had to defend this reputation against the assaults made upon it. This involved a great amount of labour and large expense to the defenders of the sanctity of the Sabbath, yet over and over and over again this labour and expense were incurred with a generous and unselfish enthusiasm.

But, though defeated at last by such a small majority of about one per cent. of the total vote, the contest has not been in vain. The discussion of the perpetual obligation of the Sabbath, in the pulpit, in the press, and on the platform, was a great moral education. It led to a study of the Sabbath question, of its religious obligation and economic advantage, and it taught young men, many of whom cast for Sabbath defence their first vote, to work for civic righteousness. It brought the Christian workers of the different churches into close contact and fellowship, and taught them that they were united in a closer brotherhood than that of mere civic relationship. This found expression in their rally after their defeat, as they sang together,

> Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love.

It found voice in the strenuous resolve to minimize to the utmost the evils which cannot but flow from this invasion of the Sabbath sanctity, and to strenuously resist further attempts to encroach upon its sacred hours. All the greater obligation will rest upon Christian people to show by their acts, which speak louder than words, that they are opposed on principle to Sunday cars. They can at least refuse to be partners in what they regard as iniquity, as a wrong to the workingmen, and harmful to the best interests of society.

Few things more rapidly cause deterioration of moral character than the

misuse of the Lord's Day. It will be harder for our young people to resist the temptations to evil which will be multiplied around them. We trust that the members of the League and Endeavour Societies, the Sunday-schools and the churches, which fought so valiantly for the preservation of the Sabbath, will at least rigorously refuse to use the cars on the Lord's Day. The *Globe* admitted that the question on the one side was a question of mere convenience, on the other side of moral principle. Let us show that we prize principle above convenience.

The ministers and churches of this city may well be proud of their record in this conflict. Although the Sunday-car party protested strongly against the "tyranny of the parsons," yet, if they found one of them who expressed the least sympathy with their cause, they exploited him to the utmost. Yet the only one that we know who spoke on their platform was a young Unitarian minister just come from Boston, who divides his time on Sunday between a congregation at Toronto and one at Hamilton.

Toronto is one of the very few cities on the continent which has doubled its population in ten years, and in times of severe commercial depression has suffered less than almost any other. The friends of the Sabbath believe that they are not fanatical in regarding this as a benediction of heaven upon the policy of civic righteousness avowed in the motto written above the mayor's chair in the City Hall: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

As a result of its opposition to Sunday cars nearly two hundred churches have been distributed almost uniformly throughout its area, or one for every thousand of its population, and these have a larger attendance than in any city of the same size in the world. It has, moreover, over a score of parks and breathing-places distributed throughout the city so that every citizen within a few minutes' walk from his own home may find a church of his choice and open space for fresh air and recuperation.

It was feared that the requiring of six or seven hundred street-car employees to labour forty-five Sundays in the year—for that would be their obligation—was a moral injustice which the citizens had no right to inflict. It was felt that it would largely prevent the securing the statutory holiday on Saturday, which is now voluntarily given by very many of our stores and factories. It was feared that it would be the thin end of the wedge leading to increased Sunday labour, Sunday saloons, Sunday games and amusements, and the breaking down, in large degree, of the moral sense of the community.

Nevertheless, by a very small majority of three hundred and twenty in thirty-two thousand votes, Toronto's quiet Sabbath was wrested from her.

Convocations.

The Convocation at Victoria University in April was very successful. Dr. Burwash reported the very large number of two hundred and eighty-three students, a large increase on the previous year. In the faculty of theology Victoria University is now in the very forefront, being one of the first half-dozen institutions as to numbers of students and graduates. A very interesting feature was the unveiling of an admirable portrait, by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, of the late Hart A. Massey, Esq., a generous benefactor of this university. Rev. Dr. Alexander Sutherland made an admirable address in presenting the picture, which is a life-like character, and Chancellor Burwash made a suitable reply. Victoria University is very conservative in the matter of conferring honorary degrees, but three such degrees were this year granted to men who will well and worthily wear them, namely, Rev. Alexander Langford, Rev. John B. Saunders, and Rev. John Watson, Principal of the Primitive Methodist College, Manchester, England. We congratulate these brethren on their well-merited honours. A large number of valuable medals and prizes were conferred.

Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, held its Convocation on May 4th, at the close of a successful year. This college gives the large number of seventeen prizes in money or books. It keeps in touch with the spirit of the times, as is seen in prizes in Sunday-School Normal Work, in Vocal Music, in Athletics, as well as in Exegetics and Theology Departments.

Faith and Unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
—*Tennyson.*

Science Notes.

A Pest-House Dress.

During an epidemic of the plague in the seventeenth century, French cities adopted extraordinary measures for stamping out the disease. No trade that befouled the air was allowed to carry on business within the city walls; all food was inspected; no unhealthy person was permitted to enter the gates; dogs, cats and pigeons were either killed or removed, and houses, bedding, furniture and linen were fumigated.

The *Literary Digest* publishes a translation from *Janus*, a Dutch medical periodical, describing a pest-house dress worn by physicians when visiting an infected place. A picture of the dress taken from an old print is also given.

A PEST-HOUSE DRESS.

"A carnival costume; a leather mask covering the head and neck and simulating a bird's head with its round eye and long beak; the mask topped with a hat like an ecclesiastic's, and continuing down to the level of the shoulders; a child's dress falling to the ankles; the hands lost to view in enormous gloves; in one hand a long rod—in such a rig as this our fathers were accustomed to visit pest-houses.

"An engraving of the period gives us a full description of this toilet. The eye is of crystal; the beak is a long nose filled with odoriferous substances; the mask, the robe and the gloves are of Levant morocco. This was an admirable method of guarding against contagion by the poison of the plague, which is communicated by the touch or the breath; the Levant morocco and the beak full of perfumes keep it out."

A Wonderful Hydraulic Dredge.

It is believed that the problem of rendering all large rivers navigable has been solved by the hydraulic dredger invented by Mr. L. W. Bates, of Chicago, and used by him in making excavations for the new drainage-canal in that city.

"This machine will go through a sand-bar at a speed of from five to ten feet a minute, cutting its way through a solid bank and leaving behind it a channel forty feet wide and twenty feet deep. Of course it could not do its work at such an amazing rate as this if it were not for the water which it has to work with. That is the secret of the whole performance.

"In front of the machine are six intake pipes, turned downward. Surrounding each of these is a cylinder fitted with knives, which is kept in revolution all the time, so that the knives cut and chew up the sand and mix it with the water. In the intake pipes the suction of great steam-driven centrifugal pumps is pulling away at the loosened mass of sand and water. It is easy to imagine the result. Great solid streams of *débris* flow in the pipes at a rapid speed.

"Thus the problem of maintaining a channel in the Mississippi River at low water is solved. Where there is now but four and one-half feet of water in the autumn there will be, after a few of these dredges have been put to work, fourteen feet. In two years it is possible to have fourteen feet of water from St. Louis to the sea every day in the year. Five hydraulic dredges will do the work if employed four or five months a year at a cost of $10,000 a month each. This is almost magic—modern magic.

"The significance of this achievement is that the problem of maintaining low-water navigation in all alluvial streams is solved. It is applicable to the Missouri, to the Illinois, to the Sacramento, to the Volga, to the Danube, to the Dnieper, to the Hoogly in India, to the La Plata, to rivers in all parts of the world. It is fair to predict that no invention or achievement since the development of steam navigation has done as much for water transportation upon rivers as this successful application of hydraulics to river-bed dredging will do in the near future."

The Synchronograph.

Before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in New York City, this new device for transmitting intelligence by telegraph at the rate of 3,000 words a minute, thus enabling a single wire to do the work now done by 360, was explained by the inventors, Prof. A. C. Crehore, of Cornell University, and Lieut. G. O. Squier, U.S.A. The alternating current is used, the rapidity varying in the different dynamos from 250 to 400 a second. Between each pair of these waves of current is an instant when the wire is neutral. By means of a simple device these currents may be interrupted at fixed intervals, and one or more wave movements of current omitted. By noting these interruptions and their order—by means, of course, of a mechanical apparatus, for the speed is too swift for the eye—the messages can be recorded. They are sent, of course, or flashed, by means of perforated tape paper, previously prepared. When it is considered that by the ordinary Morse system only from thirty to forty words a minute can be transmitted, and by the Wheatstone system (messages prepared on punched strips of paper and transmitted automatically) less than two hundred words, it will be seen that this new method of machine telegraphy has in itself astonishing possibilities.—*Zion's Herald.*

An Aerial Torpedo.

The torpedo consists of a small-sized gas-filled balloon, capable of sustaining for any length of time from thirty to forty pounds at an elevation of from 500 to 1,000 feet above the earth. Inside of the lower or small end of the balloon is placed a metal cylinder, which contains an electrical device, the purpose of which is to ignite the gas in the balloon at any stated period. Underneath the balloon is suspended a case or basket containing high explosive, similar to dynamite, which explodes with terrific force when striking a hard substance, like the earth or walled embankments. In action, the management of the torpedo is described as very easy and simple, the inventor stating that a corporal's guard can with it accomplish what would require a large force to do by the usual methods now employed in the siege of cities, or the scattering of large bodies of troops. The torpedo complete is small and compact, and a large number can be carried by a few men or a pack animal.

A Great Explosion on the Sun.

The violence and immensity of the solar atmospheric disturbances that correspond to our terrestrial storms are almost inconceivable. Any account of them would meet with incredulity were it not possible to see them, watch their progress, and measure them. It was not long ago that the beautifully-coloured solar prominences were to be seen only during total solar eclipses, and then for so brief a time that some astronomers of repute believed them to be appendages of the moon and not of the sun. Now the spectroscope has not only proved to us that they are masses of red-hot hydrogen gas, but has enabled us to view and study them at our leisure, and to measure the rapidity with which they often change in shape, proving that they are great eruptions of gaseous matter.

"The germ theory—what is it?" asks *The Hospital*, in an editorial note on the death of Louis Pasteur. "It is a mere theory no longer. Pasteur has proved, and after him innumerable other persons have demonstrated for themselves, that the causes of fermentation and of putrefaction are living microbes, and the changes which take place as the result of their life-activity. What a whole universe of knowledge is here! How world-wide have been the practical applications of this knowledge! The brewer, the wine-grower, the silk-worm cultivator, the farmer in all his grades, the physician, the surgeon—all have been put in possession of knowledge which has turned darkness into light, and ignorant incompetence into assured and successful skill."

"It is reported," says *Science*, "that patents for inventions which relate to the production of electrical energy, or in which electricity is in any way employed, are refused in Turkey. There is nothing in the law to warrant any such refusal, and the only explanation afforded by the Turkish authorities is that orders have been received 'from the palace' forbidding the grant of patents for such inventions. The fees paid on application are not returned."

The odour of the sweet-pea, according to a contributor to *The Medical Record*, "is so offensive to flies that it will drive them out of the sick-room, though it is not usually in the slightest degree disagreeable to the patient." It is, therefore, recommended that sweet-peas be placed in the sick-room during fly-time.

Book Notices.

The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D., formerly Dean of Chester. New Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

Upon no portion of Holy Scripture except the life of our Blessed Lord are there so many and such high-class commentaries and books of elucidation as on the life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles—the subject of the Sunday-school lessons for the current year. One of the most valuable of these, and at the same time one of the most inexpensive, is the new edition of Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." This has long been a standard work, but it is now brought within the reach of even a very slender purse. It is an important addition to higher Christian literature, the result of wide learning, ample research and lucid exposition. A marked note of this book is the light which is mutually reflected upon each other by the Acts and the Epistles. It gives new meaning to both one and the other when their just relations are understood. Four excellent folding maps and numerous engravings and diagrams add to the value of the book, and make it a most valuable apparatus for the study of the lessons for the year.

The Old Testament Vindicated as Christianity's Foundation-Stone. By George Coulson Workman, M.A., Ph.D. With an Introduction by Nathanael Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D., Chancellor of Victoria University, Toronto. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, 60c.

It will be remembered that some months ago Professor Goldwin Smith published in the *North American Review* an article on what he called "The Millstone of Christianity." Professor Workman shortly after published in the same periodical a trenchant review of that article. This received much appreciative criticism from the press and has here been expanded into this volume of 150 pages. We have sent this book to an accomplished writer for a more adequate notice of it than we have room for in this number. We merely quote the closing paragraphs of Dr. Burwash's Introduction:

"Dr. Workman's book is an able as well as a useful exposition of the new line of defending the Scriptures by a man of ripe scholarship in the department with which it deals. It proceeds in what I believe to be the only safe and right direction for the reconciliation of religious faith with every other form of truth. The solution which the author gives is lucid in style, conservative in spirit, and constructive in aim. While it sacredly conserves the old truth, it fairly and frankly opens the mind to the new. It thus endeavours to interpret each in the light of the other, and so grasp them both in a true unity of thought.

"As such a work, having such an aim, I heartily commend the volume to the serious consideration, not only of the Methodist Church, but also of the Christian public, as a valuable contribution to the elucidation of the Old Testament."

An Illustrated Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. For Family Use and Reference, and for the Great Body of Christian Workers of all Denominations. By Rev. Lyman Abbott. Volume IV. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

We have had occasion to review, with high commendation, previous volumes of this series. The high merit for fresh, vigorous comment, for clear insight and pictorial illustration of these books is fully maintained in the current volume. This possesses additional interest from the fact that it treats the Sunday-school lessons of the year and throws many sidelights upon the life and missionary labours of the Apostle Paul. It is a distinct and important addition to the books for the study of the Acts.

The Old World and the New Faith. By W. Fiddian Moulton, M.A. Edited by Rev. Arthur E. Gregory. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

This is one of a series of valuable books for Bible students, published by the Wesleyan Conference Office, London, and edited by the Rev. Arthur E. Greg-

ory. It has special interest at the present time as covering the subject of the International Sunday-school lessons for the present year, especially the life and labours of St. Paul. It is a small book very concise in statement, but one of the best and most judicious books on this subject with which we are acquainted.

The Celestial Summons. By Rev. Angelo Canoll. Edited by Homer Eaton, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs.

This little volume of sermons is selected from those preached during a ministry of over forty years. Though having a foreign-looking name, the preacher was born in Albany, and laboured most of his life in New England, removing towards its close to the Pacific coast. The literary quality and spiritual power of these sermons justify their reproduction in this permanent form. They contain the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel.

The Legislation and History of Separate Schools in Upper Canada: from 1841 until the Close of the Reverend Doctor Ryerson's Administration of the Education Department of Ontario in 1876: Including Various Private Papers and Documents on the Subject. By J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., F.R.G.S. Methodist Book-Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.25.

Dr. Hodgins was for over thirty years the able colleague of Dr. Ryerson in his administration of public-school affairs of Ontario. With him were left the papers and confidential correspondence with public men on educational affairs. From these Dr. Hodgins has prepared this history of an important department of our public-school legislation. There was a difference of opinion during Dr. Ryerson's life on this subject, and he received a good deal of obloquy for his public course. This is, in large degree, a vindication of his character—if it needed any other vindication than the successful public-school system of his native Province.

A History of Lay Preaching in the Christian Church. By John Telford, B.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90c.

A special characteristic of Methodism has been its large employment of lay preachers. More than half of its Sunday services would be impossible but for the aid of the godly laymen who, without fee or reward, labour earnestly in the Gospel. This is the first book that we know which treats the subject as a whole. The author describes lay preaching in both the Old and New Testament times, the preaching friars of the Church of Rome, lay preaching among the Lollards, Brownists, Puritans and Quakers, its great revival under the Wesleys, and the conspicuous service rendered by women preachers in the Methodist revival, like Mary Fletcher, George Eliot's "Dinah Evans," and others, the lay preaching in mission lands, and the conspicuous examples of lay evangelists as Moody, McGregor, Sir Arthur Blackwood, and others of recent times. This is a book of fascinating interest and permanent value.

The Open Mystery. A Reading of the Mosaic Story. By A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This is an interpretation of the story of the Pentateuch by the writer of many volumes of sketches and stories for young people. It is an endeavour to illustrate the ethical spirit of those ancient documents in harmony with the later revelations of the Scripture, and especially of the New Testament. We do not agree with all of the writer's interpretations, but the religious spirit and purpose are admirable.

The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By Gilbert Parker. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clarke Company.

We are sorry we cannot speak more highly of this latest book by an author who has done so much for Canadian literature. It recounts an incident of the French rebellion under Papineau, in 1837, but is marred by cold, hard, cynical realism that leaves a very unpleasant impression. The Honourable Mr. Ferrol, its hero, is an ill-starred, conscienceless man, who, by his own confession, had broken every command in the Decalogue. The reckless daring of his death does not condone the sins of his wasted life.

O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!
—*Milton.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The annual meetings of the various societies in the Church are now being held. The London Mission retains its popularity. Increased attention is being paid to the southern part of the metropolis, where a large mission-centre to accommodate 2,000 persons is being erected. Old Southwark chapel is to be used for evangelistic services, as it is surrounded by a large population of the most destitute kind to be found in the metropolis. A girls' home is to be provided, and in East London further aggressions are to be made.

The Extension Fund, which aids in the erection of houses of worship in needy places, is an important auxiliary in Methodism. A population of 45,000 exists at Chatham, where there is no Wesleyan church, but, it is hoped that there will be one before long. In Leeds alone about $100,000 have been expended in new church erections during the last few years.

The Wesleyan city and town councils exert great influence in uniting the societies together for concentrated action both on public and connexional questions. In some instances they have lessened the number of public-houses, and have done good service in the cause of moral reform. The Seamen's Chapel, in London, is a centre of usefulness. Hundreds of sailors meet here every week, where religious and other services are constantly held, and in this way many noble men who are so much deserving of sympathy are saved from the allurements of vice which abound on every hand. It is no unusual thing for persons of different nationalities to meet at the same meeting. From the report given at the late annual meeting it is evident that much good is being accomplished, most of which cannot be tabulated. The missionary and his assistants visit the vessels, invite the men to the Home, and give them good books and tracts when they leave the shores of England.

The report of the Australian Missionary Society for the past year shows a deficiency of $7,990. Several appropriations were reduced : The contributions of Fiji, not many years ago a cannibal group of islands, amounted to $23,835, equal to the contributions of Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia, South Australia and New Zealand combined. The mission in New Guinea has succeeded most admirably. There are now 8,810 Methodist adherents.

The first missionary was on his way to New South Wales when the battle of Waterloo was being fought in 1815. At present there are 1,576 Wesleyan churches in Australasia, 1,600 other preaching places, 551 ordained ministers and 2,676 local preachers, 55,000 church members and 145,000 Sunday-school scholars. Half a century ago most of the people in the South Sea Islands were cannibals of the most ferocious type. There are now 1,016 Wesleyan churches, with 537 other places of worship and 41,000 members, with 41,000 Sunday-school scholars.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. Dr. Payne, corresponding secretary of the Board of Education, in speaking at a late meeting of the Board, said that during the past year $740,000 had been received and 1,631 students had been assisted in 132 institutions of learning.

Fifty years have elapsed since the first missionaries were sent to China. The jubilee anniversary of the mission was celebrated in Boston, at which Bishop Foster presided. Dr. M. C. White, one of the first missionaries, was present. Dr. Baldwin, who went to China at an early period in the history of the mission, said that he was 147 days on the voyage. In twenty years after the commencement of the mission there were only 421 converts. In 1877, there were more than 3,000. In 1887, there were 5,000. Now, in the Foochow Conference alone there are 7,000 converts.

The news from Africa is not very cheering. Bishop Hartzell has been ill and was confined to bed four days. Dr. Fowler, who intended to found a hospital, has been compelled to return to America in consequence of heart-trouble. Professor and Mrs. Campher have both been attacked by African fever.

Some of the Annual Conferences have adopted the plan of early lectures before the opening of the morning sessions.

Miss Thoburn writes from Lucknow, India, "Our school made a collection at Christmas for the hungry. Some of the girls are doing without sugar to help support famine orphans."

A marble bust of Miss Frances E. Willard will be presented to the North-West University during commencement week. Miss Willard is a graduate of Northwestern, and was the first woman to be appointed Dean of the Woman's College of that institution.

The New Orleans University Medical College has decided to open a training school for coloured nurses. The *Church Standard* says, "that the negro is especially free from climatic ills, that the average coloured woman is vigorous, cheerful and good-tempered, and that these qualities eminently fit the negress for nursing."

Dr. A. J. Nast, editor of *Der Christliche Apologte*, in his last report refers to his honoured father, the founder, and for fifty-three years the editor, of the paper, which is both a factor and a product of German Methodism. The paper has now one subscriber to every three German members in our denomination—a remarkable showing.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

A letter from Kobe gives an interesting account of a Bible and Industrial school in which twenty pupils are studying the Bible, literature, handiwork, and music. These girls and women are being trained for a ministry of high order in the home and among the women of Japan.

Dr. Palmore proposes if the preachers will secure him 5,000 new subscribers to the St. Louis *Advocate* at $2 cash each, he will give the entire $10,000 to constitute a loan fund for Central Female College at Lexington, Mo.

Rev. Egerton R. Young, of Toronto, is thus spoken of in the *Wilson Advance:* "He is a fine speaker, and his narrative of missionary work among the Indians of the North-West holds his audience spellbound."

A bronze statue of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt is to be placed on the campus of the Vanderbilt University.

Primitive Methodist.

A tablet was unveiled on Good Friday in the Primitive Methodist church in Colchester, by Sir W. D. Pearson, M.P., to commemorate the conversion in that place of the late Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the famous preacher.

Twenty-three ministers have died since last Conference.

During the past year the Connexion has built forty-three churches at a cost of $311,860, toward which the sum of $170,635 was collected. The Connexion now owns 4,725 churches, seating a million people. They cost $18,100,320 and the present liabilities slightly exceed $5,000,000.

All the ordained ministers (1,113) are total abstainers, also thirty students in the Theological College. There are 1,977 Bands of Hope in connection with the churches, and 197,698 members. Of the teachers in the Sunday-school, and scholars above the age of sixteen, no less than 76,283 are reported as abstainers.

It is a matter of regret that the circulation of the periodicals does not keep up to that of former years. Notwithstanding strenuous efforts have been made to prevent a decrease, several of the serials are declining. Denominational literature does not seem to be popular in England.

Rev. John Watson, Principal of the College at Manchester, received the degree of D.D., at the late Convocation of Victoria University, Toronto.

Methodist New Connexion.

Arrangements are being made to celebrate the Jubilee, which will be held by the time this number reaches our readers, in Wesley's chapel, City Road, London. Dr. Parker is to preach at noon, and in the evening a great meeting will be held which is to be addressed by the Presidents of the New Connexion and of the Wesleyan Conference. W. P. Hartley, Esq., Primitive Methodist, will preside. Mr. R. W. Parkes, M.P., Rev. F. W. Bourne, Alderman Hepworth, J.P., and others will be present. Thus every branch of Methodism will be represented in the venerable sanctuary.

Preparation is being made for a great Sunday-school celebration at Conference. The scholars are making a penny subscription for the Centenary Fund.

Bible Christian Church.

At a missionary anniversary at Portsmouth not only were the collections largely in advance, but on the Sunday night there were twenty-four conversions, and at another place there were thirty. This was a grand new feature in missionary meetings.

Sunday-school conferences have been held in several places with good results.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Ontario Government has bought Victoria College, Cobourg, for $25,000.

Dr. O. L. Kilborn writes from Chentu: "Following a good Chinese custom, we have, during this hot weather, placed at our compound gate a large crock. It takes two large pails of tea to fill it, and it is usually filled twice in the day. The passing poor man, labourer, or carrier, toiling under his heavy load, stops to refresh himself with a drink of tea, and, while drinking, he often reads the Christian tracts pasted on the wall immediately before him."

Our Epworth Leagues are becoming initiated into the mission work. We understand that twelve districts are organized with the Young People's Forward Movement. Some of the districts have made choice of the representatives they will support in the foreign field.

Nothing so gladdens the hearts of Methodists as news of revivals. Berens River Indian Mission has been graciously visited.

The Indian mission at Christian Island has been visited from on high. The improvement among the people in every respect is most gratifying. They are neatly dressed and take deep interest in all the church services. The children are learning the English language. The missionary's wife, Mrs. Douglas, has a class of small girls, and Mr. Douglas keeps a class of young boys under his special care.

Victoria University has had a successful year. A larger number of students have been in attendance than in any previous year. The theological department is now about equal to that of any similar institution on the continent. All who have taken the B.D. course have previously taken the B.A., so that those who have the ministry in view go forth well equipped for their work.

SAINT BY SELF-DENIAL.

BY LORD LYTTON.

"To give is better than to know or see,
And both are means, and neither is the end;
Knowing and seeing, if none call thee friend,
Beauty and knowledge have done naught for thee.

"For who gives, giving, doth win back his gift,
And knowledge by division grows to more;
Who hides the Master's talent shall die poor,
And starve at last of his own thankless thrift.

"I did this for another, and, behold!
My work hath blood in it, but thine hath none.
Done for thyself, it dies in being done;
To what thou buyest, thou thyself art sold.

"Give thyself utterly away. Be lost.
Choose some one, something; not thyself, thine own.
Thou canst not perish; but, thrice greater grown,
Thy gain the greatest where thy loss was most.

"Thou in another shalt thyself new find.
The single globule, lost in the wide sea,
Becomes an ocean. Each identity
Is greatest in the greatness of its kind.

"Who serves for gain, a slave, by thankless pelf
Is paid; who gives himself is priceless, free.
I give myself, a man, to God; lo, He
Renders me back a saint unto myself!"

—"*Judicium Paridis.*"